

EDITH VANCE.

BY MRS. LOUISA LOCKHART.

SHE stood at the window tapping restlessly upon the panes, while outside the rain pattered drearily, making the long stretch of seashore look bleak and lonely. Yet there she stood, with large dreamy eyes and face with perfect contour, while her queenly head was crowned with a wealth of golden brown hair, which fell in ripples to her slender waist. Not only was she beautiful in form and feature, this Edith Vance; her greatest charm lay in the sweet unconsciousness of the subtle influence which she exerted over every one with whom she conversed. How her eyes glowed and sparkled with passion in moments of excitement! while through them spoke a restless longing for something higher and nobler. But this is why she stood there with clouded brow, looking out o'er the dreary scene before her. Last night, sitting alone among the vines which drooped and clustered around her in the garden, she suddenly heard voices near her. Her first impulse was to make known her presence, but upon hearing her own name mentioned, an irresistible impulse caused her to remain. She grasped the clustering vines for support, as Clara Hartly remarked:

"You speak rather disparagingly of Edith, Cousin Raymond. And yet by your devoted attention to her, one would be led to suppose that you were hopelessly in love with this 'simple little rustic,' as you so heartlessly term her."

"You should not condemn me too severely, Clara. I admit that I have complimented her with the appellation of 'charming little rustic,' and really I am sincere. Yet when I am in her society, I certainly perceive in her the lack of culture and refinement which are so needful to every young lady."

"Raymond, you wrong this girl. If you only knew the privations she endures for the sake of those who pretend to supply the place of parents to her; how she strives with such earnestness and sweetness of disposition to lighten the everyday cares, which must otherwise weigh heavily upon her aunt; how evening after evening she assists the children in their tasks, while in return

she only receives hints of her utter dependence upon the charity of her relatives; if you knew her true worth you would indeed think this Edith a treasure."

"But, Clara, I am not seeking for such a treasure—one who only knows how to be motherly, and a household drudge, in fact. Imagine this pretty face void of intellect, a form perfect, yet awkward in manner, gracing the drawing-room as Mrs. Raymond Gray." And he gave a light scornful laugh.

"You are mistaken, cousin. I conversed with Edith a few evenings since, and to my surprise found her to be a young lady of high intellectual culture. She at first seemed shy and reticent, but as I advanced, taking up my long train of favorite novels, tracing their heroes through a terrible baptism of suffering, into the fullgrown maturity of strength and perfection, and on into the more substantial solid literature, how her eyes glowed and sparkled! Why, with all my boasted knowledge of history, I found her far my superior; and thus I unconsciously touched the spring which only needed awakening to bubble forth in bright and glowing activity. This superficial culture of which you speak is that which falls short of developing any fitness for a complete and serviceable lifework—that in which the young lady wrenches her soul away from pure goodness, going down to the vain frivolous world to make it more vain and frivolous still. Pardon me, Ray, but do you know that you lack earnestness? And it is *this* which leads you on in such disregard for the feelings of others; or, I should say, in such reckless unthought as to make you forgetful of others. I sincerely believe that you have unintentionally been false to Edith, and even false to yourself. Do you remember these lines from Shakespeare?

—"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any one."

"Nay, you have trifled with this girl's affections, I feel convinced of it; and knowing her kind and gentle disposition, and your inherited family pride, I feel how

futile her hopes must be, and I do condemn you."

"But wherein have I been false to this girl? You speak as though I had even asked her to become my wife, and had broken my pledge. I assure you that I have never even mentioned the subject to her, and really do not intend to do so."

"Raymond, do you imagine that you can only be false, in making a promise which you intend you will never fulfil? In this perhaps you are innocent, but if you have been cruel enough to win this girl's affection, only for pastime, then you are indeed false to her!"

"Well, Cousin Clara, I thank you for your kind advice. I did not even think this 'simple rustic' possessed a heart. But I promise in future to guard against such 'devotion' toward Miss Edith, and if you will teach her fashionable etiquette, I will then perhaps invite her to grace the parlor of my elegant Broadway mansion. "But seriously, cousin, I cannot see why you imagine her brain stocked with historic lore. I am sure I always found her shy and almost afraid of me."

"Raymond, perhaps you never gave her, in your conversations with her, an opportunity of displaying to you her literary conversational knowledge. You, I imagine, talk only foolish, weak, sentimental nonsense, instead of seeking to know if her mind possesses any deeper knowledge."

"Well, Clara, I am tired of this, and as the air is growing chilly I think we had best go in." So the two walked out of the shadows along the path to the house near by, while near enough to touch them as they passed stood Edith Vance, like a Niobe frozen into stone; and when she at last had power to move, how her thought came rushing back, with O, such shame, that she had allowed her heart to be given unasked to this Raymond Gray. Yet she was to blame? Had he not proven by his actions that he loved her? So it seemed to her, and yet his words had proved the baseness and treachery of his actions, and with heart beating wildly she was yet thankful that she had overheard the conversation. She remained long in the arbor, with the faint breeze fluttering her ringlets, and kissing her pale cheeks as if to awaken her, while near by the sea murmured and sobbed as it beat against the shore, and it seemed to Edith, as though it were a murmuring and

sobbing of her own heart over her terrible sufferings. She finally walked mechanically into the house, and shutting the door behind her as she entered her room, sat down to think. What was life to her? The morning began bright, but the Angel of Death soon took away her mother, whom she only had a faint remembrance of, and until she was fifteen she had lived alone with her father, whom she had grown to love almost to idolatry, but who, leaving her one bright morning with a loving kiss and a cheerful smile, was borne home at evening—dead! The doctors said heart-disease, which he had been laboring under for several years, had caused his sudden death. Poor little Edith sat alone, sobbing as if her heart would break, and after the funeral she was hurried away to her uncle's to dwell among new scenes and associations so very unlike what she had been used to, as to almost imagine herself at times in a new world. Her relatives were kind after their style, but her aunt, having little sympathy for even her own offspring, could scarcely be expected to adopt this poor friendless orphan at once into her heart. However, Edith never complained, but yielded passively to the burdens which were heaped upon her young shoulders, by the young tyrants growing up about her. It was soon ascertained that Mr. Vance had in great speculations risked his vast fortune, and the consequence was that it was swept away, leaving his daughter—penniless. Perhaps it was that she ever kept in remembrance her dependent condition, which made her so kind and gentle to the children, who came to her unhesitatingly with their knotty questions in arithmetic, assured of an answer, and even little Benny, a chubby bright-eyed young gentleman of three, who stood in stout defiance of his mother's threats, yielded passively to the kind entreaties of Edith.

It was a hard struggle to the girl as she stood looking out over the water—the storm within her soul raging still more fiercely than the elements without—for were not love and pride equally contending for the victory? But she must leave the sands. She knew how strongly opposed to her departure her aunt would be, although she called her a dependant upon them. And how still more bitterly the children would object. Yet she thought it her duty, and must yield. She remembered her kind old nurse in the city, who lived on a small in-

come, left her on the death of a near relative. She also remembered how kindly Nurse Rose had said, on parting with her:

"If ever ye are in need of friends, little one, come to me, and it would be such a comfort to me to share my little cottage with you!" And to Nurse Rose she had resolved to go.

It was a sad morning to all the inmates of the great rambling old house which stood upon the seashore, and served as a home for a few who, during the hot summer months, wished for quietude and rest—when the great old lumbering stage drove up, which was to carry Edith to the village depot five miles away, for with her kindness and sweetness of disposition Edith had won the hearts of all. Among the group who stood on the piazza waiting to say good-bye to her as she passed, was Raymond Gray. He walked hurriedly up to her, and reaching out his hand grasped hers and shook it warmly. He looked at her tenderly, but in response only encountered a haughty glance, which wounded him sorely; and long after the old red stage had disappeared, he wondered at the cold strange manner of the young girl, whom he had so heartlessly wronged. And now, as she had gone away, perhaps he would never meet her again. Somehow he did not like to imagine this, and yet he persuaded himself that it was only fancy; he knew that in the next month which should be spent here, the time would fall heavily on his hands. He thought of the many happy evenings he had spent with her, strolling along the shore, or gathering flowers to arrange in huge bouquets as they sat together in the arbor. But he forced himself to put aside these thoughts, and taking a cigar from its case, and a book from his table, walked out to a great elm which stood a short distance from the house, and throwing himself beneath its shade, finally fell asleep under their consoling influence.

But what of Edith? The battle still raged, yet not so fearfully—there were moments when pride seemed to conquer, moments when her soul lit up with hopes of a brilliant future (for this Edith had talent), and at times the ideal which reigned in her heart seemed hurled from its pedestal. And when she left the house which had been her home since her father's death, it was with an earnestness in her heart, and a resolution to surmount all obstacles, and claim a posi-

tion before the world which she knew by right was hers.

Five years have passed; the long, low, rambling house upon the seashore is gone, but standing in its place is a large elegant mansion, still the resort for "fashionables" who seek for quietude and repose. One lovely afternoon in June, the birds were singing joyously in the trees, and the tall grass waved in billows across the meadows behind the large stone house; while the dull sands stretching along the shore sparkled here and there, as the bits of shell and sand caught the shining sunbeams.

Once more Edith stood at the window looking out over the deep blue sea, but the pure brow on this fair day gave no indication of sorrow. Suddenly a carriage drove up to the piazza, and a lady and gentleman alighted. Edith only caught a glimpse of them as they passed into the house, and somehow a thought of five years ago flashed through her mind, and brought with it memories which long ago seemed forgotten. Yet a sarcastic smile played around her lips as she muttered:

"Strange I should think of this Raymond Gray, whom I have not met for years, and although the love I once bore him, through strong disrespect, beginning that night, has been conquered. Yet I feel a vague pity still in my heart for the young girl who, from innocent bliss was rudely awakened to find herself deceived. How little is sometimes required to form the turning point in our lives! I have succeeded even beyond my most sanguine expectations.

"I wonder if he now would consider me only a 'simple rustic.' I, Edith Vance, the renowned musician; but 'self-praise is half scandal' is an old adage, so I will leave the compliments for others.

"But I must dress and go down. I do wonder who the fresh arrivals can be!"

So wondering, she soon completed her toilet, and going down to the parlor, sat down at the piano, and gave vent to her strange feelings. Now the melodies gushed forth, impassioned, glowing, intoxicating, and then all at once throbbed between them as it were, sharp dissonances and discords. As the last note died upon the air she turned and stood face to face with Raymond Gray.

"Excuse me, Miss Vance, but hearing the soul-inspiring strains which I knew could be from none other than yourself, and

presuming upon our former acquaintance, allow me to congratulate you upon your success as a renowned musician."

"Thank you, Mr. Gray, your compliment is quite flattering."

The quietness of this greeting speech was but a fair sample of her manner. She was still the same quiet Edith, but so queenly and self-possessed, as to make even the fastidious Raymond Gray feel her far above himself.

"Pray allow me a few words with you, Miss Vance, ere you leave the room." And he placed a chair for her, and sitting near her, asked why she had so shunned him, who had sought so earnestly for her society; and why, through all the intervening years, she had returned the letters which he had so persistently sent, unopened. He did not wait to be answered, but looking upon her as she sat so inconsistently beautiful, and grasping her hand as she arose—"You *shall* hear me before you go, Edith. I love you better than my life."

She wrenched her hand from his, and, standing erect, looking into the treacherous face with her calm brown eyes, said:

"Mr. Gray, your speech is useless, and besides, I am only a simple rustic, unfit to grace a fashionable Broadway mansion. My heart was once yours, but it now belongs to another." So saying, Edith left the room, feeling that her revenge was complete.

It is said "revenge is sweet," but she felt a half pity in her heart for this man as she saw the look of despair upon his face. As he sat there, a thought of the conversation in the arbor flashed through his mind; could it be possible that Edith could have overheard them? He arose, and walking mechanically to his room packed his valise, and left within an hour for the city.

But soon there were fresh arrivals, and among them was Edith's lover, Ernest Parker, and as she sat in the parlor once more singing a sweet ballad, every trace of the late scene was banished from her countenance, while joy reigned in its stead.

ELSIE'S SUCCESS.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

"MAMMA!" said Miss Elsie Linwood one morning, as she sat with her father, mother and two brothers, at the well-appointed breakfast-table, "I think it is high time that I should understand how to cook better than I do."

"O sis!" cried her oldest brother, with a sly glance at his pretty sister, "are you going to begin practice so soon with a view to matrimony? Didn't I hear somebody say the other night that no young lady was qualified to be married until she understood the noble science of cookery?"

"Hal!" retorted Elsie, unable to repress a rising blush, "if you don't stop talking nonsense I'll never allow you to feast on any of the specimens of my skill. Not a mouthful, sir, shall you have, except you mend your speech!"

"Have mercy!" returned Hal, with a comically doleful countenance; "I'll never again accuse you of having an eye to future chances, but will affirm that you intend to live in 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' for the rest of your life. Pass on the goodies, Elsie, I'll sacrifice myself for your benefit and taste of all your failures;" and off went the saucy fellow before the young lady who was ambitious to be a cook, could make any reply to his speech.

"Don't be discouraged, Elsie," said George, the younger brother, as he gathered up his books preparatory to going to school. "I think every girl ought to know how to cook, and I know Mr. Egerton thinks so, too, for I heard him say the other day that most modern young ladies were good for nothing but to sit in the parlor and do fancy work or go to balls and parties like so many pretty-faced dolls. He thinks a high-souled woman will not disdain to make herself useful, and I think so, too!" with which wise conclusion and approval of his cherished authority, Master George took himself and his books away.

The Mr. Egerton mentioned by George and hinted at by Harry, was the gentlemanly principal of the Academy at L—, a finished scholar and a man of rare abilities and personal grace. He was held in the highest esteem in L—, and deserved the

high place given him in popular estimation no less for his cultivated mind than for his true nobility of character. It must not be thought that he was in the habit of inveighing against the young ladies of the nineteenth century; far from it—but in the course of a conversation which, we must acknowledge, chanced to be overheard by Elsie, he had been led to express himself somewhat freely, in regard to the dislike which many girls have for anything like household labor. Miss Elsie secretly admired Mr. Egerton very much, and thought him a very pattern of all excellence, although, as she was of a shy retiring disposition, he was by no means likely to guess how much he was appreciated by the pretty, modest young lady, whose quiet unobtrusive manners he had often compared favorably with those of more self-confident misses.

There had been no need in Elsie's life that she should confine herself to hand-labor, for her father's means were ample, and the two maids who formed the regular staff of help in her mother's kitchen rendered her aid there unnecessary. She had also been occupied with the task of getting her school education until within a short time, and music, languages and the more substantial branches had filled her intelligent little head to the exclusion of other ambitions. But if, as Mr. Egerton had declared, most modern young ladies are content with wholly superficial accomplishment, Elsie Linwood was certainly an exception, and, for one of her years, had remarkably earnest and sensible ideas of what a true woman's life should be. She was not satisfied to spend her time in selfish frivolity, and wished to make some good use of the knowledge she had so faithfully acquired from books. In fact, according to the light that was given her, she aspired to climb to those white heights of womanhood that are possible to every intelligent mind and feeling heart.

"But,"—you will perhaps say—"what has all this to do with the young lady's desire to know how to cook?"

Coming down to prosaic everyday life, this was one of the indications of Elsie's

constant desire for improvement, and as such, it is surely worthy of notice. She stood upon the threshold of life, dimly conscious that a different existence awaited her in the future than had been hers in the past; that duties hitherto unknown claimed her attention, and her energetic nature responded heartily to every call for assistance, sympa-

the fruit of Elsie's efforts was consigned to the oven; with the greatest care it was watched over, and the number of times that anxious glances were cast at the prospective pudding we should not dare to state lest we might be accused of exaggeration. At last it came forth, cooked to a state of perfection, to all appearances a decided success. Pleased



ELSIE'S CULINARY SKILL.

thy, or achievement. Cheered by her mother's approving smile, she donned the protecting apron, and armed with an invaluable receipt book, bravely entered the scene of action. Behold her, with round arms bared to the elbow, deep in the mysteries of culinary skill, visited by admiring glances from Kate and Susan, who think her the "sweetest young lady" in all the town; and surely they might safely say that there was no sweeter one.

With the greatest care the dish containing

and somewhat wearied, Elsie withdrew, leaving her wonderful triumph steaming upon the hearth.

In due time came the dinner hour, and with it Mr. Linwood, Harry, George, and, strange to say, Mr. Egerton! The fates had a hand in it, perhaps, but however that may be, it was evident that the handsome teacher was destined to partake of Elsie's pudding. He came at the cordial invitation of Mr. Linwood, who was always glad to secure the society of so agreeable a compan-

ion for an hour or two. Elsie's color deepened as Hal whispered, mischievously, "Been cooking, Elsie?" but she did not condescend to reply, hoping that nothing more would be said about her studies of the sublime art of cookery. But the irrepressible George addressed her in an *aside* audible to all at the table, with:

"Have you been learning to cook to-day, Elsie? Is there anything here that *you* made? If there is I want to know what it is!"

Mrs. Linwood came to the rescue. "Elsie made the pudding, George, and I think she did very well for a new beginner."

Poor Elsie, glancing up, encountered the kindly eyes of Mr. Egerton, and felt a tell-tale blush heating her cheeks, much to her discomfort mentally. But the pudding was eaten and praised, and Elsie forgot her momentary confusion while listening to the pleasant conversation to which Mr. Egerton lent the charm of his wit and intellect. She was by no means devoid of conversational powers herself, though she was too modest to intrude her own thoughts unless they

were sought for, but her air of interest and attention told how well she could appreciate others, and conveyed a more delicate compliment than words could give. Mr. Egerton, half unconsciously to himself, when he advanced any idea would turn to meet Elsie's quick glance of intelligent comprehension, and when he left the house he acknowledged to himself that he had never enjoyed a visit better; and somehow, Elsie's sweet pleasant face was very prominent in his memory. He began to think how sweet the companionship and ready sympathy of such a gentle soul might be, and to feel as if he were somewhat lonely without it. The sound of a soft low voice, and the light of a pair of expressive eyes, haunted him. Need we say more about Elsie and Mr. Egerton? Is it not plain enough whither they are drifting? to what enchanted lands and rosy dreams? Peace and prosperity be with them! Hal, when he wishes to tease his sister, says:

"It was all that pudding, Elsie; he would never have looked at you if he had not thought you knew how to cook!"

PATENT COUPLER'S PECULIARITIES.

A NOVEL.--AFTER THE AUTHOR OF "THE BLOODY SECRET."

CHAPTER I.

'Twas the year 1704.
A child was born.
It was a boy.
He grew to be a man.
He became a jeweller.

CHAPTER II.

There was another boy born.
It was somewhat later.
It was also a boy.
It was a boy, I say.
A pretty good sort of a boy.
He was a deuced fine boy.
He had a good head on him.
A confounded big head.
With lots in it.
Not on it but in it.
He became the jeweller's clerk.

CHAPTER III.

The jeweller was very rich.
He married.
The result: A child.
It was a girl.
A female girl.
A wonderfully fine woman girl.
She had her own teeth.
And she kept them clean.
She had her own hair.
Leastwise no one knew to the contrary.
She could sit all day and do nothing.
She could do it with success.
As a nothingless creature she was not a failure.

CHAPTER IV.

As a grand success she was a failure.
For her father was rich.
She could sing.
She could write poetry.
She wrote some, once.
She dropped it upon the floor.
You may believe it.
The clerk found it.
He read it.
He reread it.
He read it again.
He said: "She must be mine!"
"Yea verily."
He wrote some poetry.
He dropped it.
She picked it up.
She read it.

She reread it.
She read it again.
She said: "He must be mine!"
"Yea verily."
She was handsome.
He was good-looking.
She looked well.
So did he.
You bet!

CHAPTER V.

Some more poetry was dropped.
It was found.
It was dropped again.
It was found.
It was dropped again.
It was found.
He proposed.
She accepted.
The wedding day was set.
Some more poetry was written and dropped.
It was found.
By the jeweller.
The rich old jeweller.
Who had the pretty daughter.
He read it.
He reread it.
He read it again.
He said: "By gum!"
He swore.
Again.
Yet again.

CHAPTER VI.

He called the clerk aside.
He said: "Relinquish all thy hopes."
He said: "I shant!"
"Thou wont?" he cried.
"Nary hope!" said he.
"By the eternal I will scalp you."
"Scalp be cussed, but give me my Ma-tilda!" he cried.
"Silver spoons and a jackknife?" cried the jeweller.
"A timeless watch with a bootjack?" shouted the clerk.
"Go hence!" cried the jeweller.
He went.

CHAPTER VII.

There was a rich old fellow.
The jeweller liked him.
They liked each other.

For they were both rich.
The rich old fellow wanted the jeweller's daughter.

"Kin I hev her?" he asked.
"You can!" said the father.
He called Matilda.
"Here is your future husband," said he.
"Boo-hoo-boo-hoo-boo-hoo!"
"Stop!"
"He-he-he-he-he-he!"
"Let up."
"Have mercy, pa!" she cried.
"You love another?" cried he.
"I do."
"It is the clerk who sweeps out my store?"
"It is."
"You love him?"
"Yes."
"You want to marry him?"
"Yes."
"But I want you to marry this gentle-
man."

"But I don't love him."
"But he loves you."
"But I hate him!"
"Hate, my child."
"Yes, pa."
"But you shall marry him."
"Never."
"You shall!"
"Not much."
"Go to your room."
She went.

CHAPTER VIII.

The rich old fellow swore to have Matilda.
Her father swore he might.
Fer he was only 70.
And she was 19.
But he had money.
And the clerk had none.

CHAPTER IX.

The girl swore she wouldn't marry the old fellow.

If he did have money!
If her pa did want her to.
If he wasn't over 70.
And she was 19.
Not any!
No mam!

CHAPTER X.

One night the jeweller was murdered.
He was robbed.
His throat had been cut.
His brains knocked out.
His liver taken out.
One foot chopped off.

He was dead.
He could not live.
The doctors said he could not be revived!
Circumstances pointed to the clerk as the murderer.
But it wasn't he.
But circumstances were against him.
He was arrested.
He was put in prison.
But he was innocent.
The old fellow was the murderer.
He had hired the deed committed.
So he could marry the girl.
For her lover would not be around to interfere.

And he would have the jeweller's wealth, too.

Which was considerable.
But Matilda hated him.
She believed in the innocence of her lover.
And she believed the old fellow was guilty.

She hired detectives.
But they found out nothing.
And she became disgusted.
And turned detective herself.
She collected evidence.
It was against the old fellow.
And consequently in favor of her lover.
She cleared her lover and convicted the old fellow.

He was sentenced.
He was hanged.

CHAPTER XI.

The clerk and Matilda were happy.
They rejoiced together.
For the old fellow was hanged.
And the jeweller was dead.
And they were rich.
And O, so happy.
They kissed.
They kissed again.
Yet once more.
"My pea-blossom!" said the clerk.
"My shoe-fly muffin," said Matilda.
"Darling."
"Dearest."
"My own."
"Each of us."
"One and inseparable."
"Now and forever." (Smack.)

CONCLUSION.

They were married.
They lived together twenty years.
They then died from smallpox.

THE END.

PAUL'S WISH.

BY EMMA MORTIMER BABSON.

PAUL YELVERTON was nine years old. He was not active and hardy, like most boys of that age—indeed, he was almost an invalid. He had never been strong. He had been the puniest, palest little baby you ever saw, and his father and mother were worried half to death with anxiety, for fear that they shouldn't raise him. They were very wealthy, and he was their only child, and I really think they took too good care of him. If they had dressed him in a calico frock, when he was a year old, and taken him out in the country, to creep about on the floor of a farmhouse, and out on the step in the sunshine, with an occasional tumble, and a good hearty cry, and plenty of fresh milk, filched from the supper of the little, meek, staggering calf in the barn, and lots of fresh pure air—and, when he grew a little older, handfuls of red-clover and buttercups, and dirt-pies, and bare feet, and rides on the old plow-horse, and hunts for acorns and birds'-nests in the woods, and great generous slices of home-made brown-bread and butter for luncheon—if they'd brought up the boy in this way, I believe he would have been as well as any nice little country lad that trots about all day on our broad Massachusetts farms. But such thoughts never entered the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Yelverton. The little pale scrap of a baby, who never got a breath of good outdoor air, from one month's end to

another, was wrapped up so tight in wraps and blankets that he couldn't kick, nor throw out his arms, nor raise a good rousing cry, any better than a mummy. If he could have talked, I think he would have said that he felt as if he was stewing all the time—for the room was heated with a furnace, and kept as warm as an oven, by day and by night. And when the poor baby raised a little weak walling cry of expostulation against these arrangements, which prevented its being comfortable, and growing, and getting rosy, and lusty, and fat, as a baby ought to be, they flew for the doctor, who dosed it, until it was more weak and uncomfortable than ever.

But still the little Paul clung tenaciously to life, and managed to grow up; but at nine years old he was small, and delicate, and slender, not inclined to run about, and shout, and play, and enjoy the advantages of his father's wealth. He had a beautiful white pony, but if he went to ride, the gentle lope of Nell would make his side ache. He had hoops and balls, but he could not run with them. He would sit in the house all day, reading, or looking at pictures. He dearly loved pictures, and his father had bought him whole portfolios of them.

Carefully as he had kept him shielded from the air in his infancy, Mr. Yelverton knew that it was wrong for a boy to shrink from out-of-door life, as Paul did; so at last

he adopted a bright active little girl, just of Paul's age, to play with him.

Madge May was a little orphan girl, whose father and mother had been very poor. Mr. Yelverton found her at an orphan asylum. Paul liked her, because, he said, "she looked just like a picture." She had a hearty, sweet, rosy little face, with bright dark eyes, and a great mass of wavy nutbrown hair hanging over her shoulders.

She had good sound lungs, and active limbs, too, or she never would have had such rosy cheeks, and been so merry. She could climb a tree, and go over a stone wall, just like a cat. She would play ball, or run with a hoop, until the warm blood showed like scarlet at her lips and cheeks, and the perspiration, breaking out on her white forehead, would make her loose hair curl like little tendrils on a grapevine.

Paul used to look at her in wonder. It was quite impossible for him to run, it made his heart beat so; but Madge used to coax him out of doors in the sunshine, and he would wander about in the garden, examining the flowers, with their unfolding buds and different shapes, and beautiful colors; or, overpowered by the vigor of the air, full of the scent of the warm black earth and the odorous flowers, lie down on the arbor seat, to fall into a sound sleep—the sun drawing a little pink color into his delicate cheek; and making his fair hair shine like gold. When Madge saw him asleep, she would run and put her shawl over him, and lift up his head gently, to place underneath a little pillow, made of her scarf, for she loved Paul dearly. She thought he was half an angel, with his delicate face and gentle ways.

One day Paul sat on the high marble steps of his father's house, watching Madge, who was jumping rope on the gravel path. She wore a pretty dress of Scotch plaid, and a cunning little red velvet cap, and her beautiful hair tossed in the sunshine, like a golden banner, as she danced back and forth, skipping her rope.

"O Madge," cried Paul, "I wish I could paint you!"

"Why?" asked Madge, gayly, still jumping her rope.

"Because you look like a fairy, and it's all such a pretty picture—you, and the garden, and the beautiful blue sky over you. O, I wish I was an artist! I see pretty

things every day that I want to paint."

Madge was tired, so she came and sat down on the steps, beside Paul.

"Well," said she, "if you want to be an artist, why don't you be one?"

"O," answered Paul, "artists have to possess talent; they have to know how to paint naturally, and they have to study hard all their lives, to learn the rules of art. Papa told me so."

"Well, they have to make a beginning," said Madge, "and you have never tried. Now I'll go in the house, and get a pencil and paper, and you try to draw me."

So she rushed into the house and got the materials, and came to sit for her picture. She folded her hands in her lap, and sat very still, and looked very solemn, but Paul hesitated a long time. He didn't know where to begin. But at last he commenced on the outlines of her head, with its flowing hair, and then he made her face, which, to be sure, wasn't a very good likeness, but something in the general look of the head and shoulders, when the drawing was done, resembled Madge so decidedly that Mr. Yelverton was surprised when the children carried the paper in to him.

After that Paul had a drawing-master. The boy was delighted. The ambition to be an artist leaped up like a flame in his heart. His father had some excellent paintings in his parlors and library. One was a low, green, woody scene, which Paul said "looked warm, like a bird's-nest," and was called "Pleasant Valley," and painted by Gifford. Another was a great dingy historical scene, which his father told him was very old and valuable. It had been painted in France, by two brothers named Both. These pictures Paul studied very carefully, and nearly every day he made little studies of groups of trees, or faces or figures in them. He succeeded pretty well, but when he tried to draw objects which were not in pictures, he did not have very satisfactory success. He took drawing and painting lessons for two years, and then the whole family went to Europe.

Three years afterwards, when Paul came back, he was a tall handsome lad of fifteen. The softer air of France had revived his health, and energy and ambition had strengthened him. He had worked hard to succeed as an artist—to develop his talent, so that the professors and judges of art might pronounce him promising, and give

him encouragement. He visited all the celebrated and beautiful places of Europe—made copies of the old towers, and towns, and ruins, but never, I am sorry to say, with very great success. The copies were in no way remarkable, judged from the high rules of art which professional artists regard, though they showed that the boy had some ability. It was with bitter sorrow that Paul at last gave up his hope.

"It is of no use," he said, to Madge. "I have not what the judges call a high order of talent. My landscapes look stiff and hard—I cannot make the gloss on the petal of a buttercup, even, and I have now given up the hope I have worked for all this time."

Madge had grown a tall beautiful girl.

"Paul," said she, "I think there is another way of being an artist—of making your love for beautiful and harmonious scenes a pleasure to people, even though you can't paint them truly. When I see a tall tree, with bowery branches, softly rustling, and hiding little birds'-nests—or a

great smooth shining lake, looking as though it was full of blue sky, or anything fair and lovely, it makes me happy and good; I am more loving and patient if anything goes wrong. And so, though I cannot paint a picture, nor write a book, reproducing all these beautiful things, it makes me think that they may help to make my life like a picture or a poem. I think good and lovable people are just as rare and valuable, and more wonderful works of high art, than pictures or books. They are made under more difficulties than the artist or the author ever knows. I had rather be the best woman who ever lived, than to paint the best picture that ever was painted. Don't you think I am right, Paul?"

She *was* right. Years afterwards, Paul married her, and they are people whom everybody loves. If either grows weary in well-doing, against the discouragements of life, and the brow grows clouded, and the heart unforgiving, the other whispers, gently, "Dear, you are spoiling your picture," and the smile instantly returns.



PHILIP AND JULIET.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

UNDER a thickly-branched tree in the depth of the pine woods in one of the northern counties of Maine is a gray rock, matted over with dim green lichens which are spotted with dead gold. And from under this rock springs a sparkling little stream. It creeps through the thready grasses and russet pine-needles; it shies out awfully for a stone no larger than a rabbit, and when a glistening pitchy cone drops into it the water labors under the burden. When the thirsty fawn comes there to drink, nearly the whole rivulet flows down his throat, and the cone is stranded high and dry. This thread of water flows southward, lured by a sunbeam that pierces the scented gloom, that creeps down the trunks of the trees, that steals over knolls of green and brown tree-moss which it makes look like a forest

on fire, over the yellow violets which dissolve in its light, and appear again when it has gone, like stars in daylight, over a bank of rich dark mould all veined with the golden powder of decayed pine trunks, moist and soft as velvet, and threaded with glistening white roots where the little flowers push their pearly feet down. Over this bank the sunbeam slips into the water, at which they both laugh. They frolic together, then the stream dives deep under gnarled roots, and its bright playmate might think it lost but for that gurgie of laughter down in the cool fresh dark. Then it leaps merrily up, and spreads itself out in a mirror; and the elder-tree that leans over with rank fanlike leaves and great clusters of creamy-white blossoms, gets very erroneous ideas regarding its own personal appear-

ance. For the palpitating rings that chase each other over the surface make its brown stems seem to crinkle, and its leaves seem to come all to pieces and unite again, and the many blossoms in each round cluster to melt all together, then twinkle out individually, only to melt again in that fragrant bloomy full moon. Over this shimmer of flowers and water big bees fly, buzzing fearfully, and dragon-flies dart in purple-glittering coats-of-mail and gauzy wings invisible with motion, or hang motionless like air-hung jewels; and conical long-legged insects dance there, throwing spots of sunshine down to the leafy bed instead of shadow.

Tribute flows in right and left, and presently comes a great event in the little brook's life—its first cascade. It flows for a time in a green tranquil shadow, the rich dim colors half withdrawn; but there are little flutters of light down in its bosom, and when, after a slight curve that gives it a look back on itself, it reaches the interlaced roots of two immense trees that hold up a bank between them, it makes a sudden foamy plunge the height of a stag's front!

Feathery mosses underlie its first turn over the bank, and large clover-leaves throw themselves half way down for company, hanging by their roots, and trembling in the spray, and looking out wet and bright. In spring, when the snowdrops come out around an ancient mossy stump at the foot of this cascade, every leaf and blossom has as many drops of spray as it can hold all the time, and now and then has to droop and let them slide off.

Now the bear comes down to drink, and look at his ugly black face in the deepening mirror; foxes bark and snarl, and switch their long tails about the banks, and the deer come in lovely groups and drink, and fling up their short tails with a flit of white, and trot away with a little sniff and their heads back at some long howl or crackling gallop, telling that the wolf is near. Rabbits hop softly and timidly about when the larger folks are away, and squirrels leap and nibble in the branches above. Besides, there are shoals and shoals of pretty slim fishes, as long as pine-needles.

So, through the mellow gloom and sunny sparkles of the old forest, the dear brook wanders, following the sun, and talking to itself about many things.

Presently the wild creatures grow shy, and sunburnt children wade across the water from bank to bank, and play where the silver-stemmed birches bend over with frail shadows, as though pale-green clouds were hovering and tangled on those glistening stems. Grassy plains show here and there, cows with tinkling bells graze about, lines are cast for the spotted trout that the stream tries to hide in its dusky hollows, a bridge spans the growing tide, boats dance upon it, and—it is a river! A name also clings to it, an Indian name, fortunately, rough to the eye, all spiked with k-s and choky-looking gh-s, but sweet in the mouth—a name like a hazel-nut in its burr.

And, come to think of it, if you should listen back all the length of the stream, you would hear it repeating this name the whole way, baptizing itself with many a lisp, and gurgle, and laugh; having, doubtless, brought the name with it up out of the warm pregnant depths of the earth whence it was born.

Now, indeed, the young river puts on state, and sweeps between its banks, and lets people see that it is not to be waded through; and when they build a dam across it, it flows grandly over in a crystalline wine-colored curve. But it laughs a little at the foot, remembering that first plunge among the scented shadows of the forest, when the little gray birds with speckled breasts looked on astonished and round-eyed, flitting and facing about in an admiring and incredulous manner. Times are changed since the bear, setting down his great cushion of a paw, clumsily splashed every drop of the stream up over his shaggy leg. There are farms and villages to keep up appearances before, huge mill-wheels to turn and ships to bear up. Pine-cones, indeed! Besides, a new and strange experience has come to it, and its bosom pulses daily with the swelling of the tides.

A mile below its last and largest village, the river comes across a rocky point where stands a group of ancient pines, as though a company of its dear old friends had left their roots and come down to see the grown-up stream at its crowning hour. With a sudden tender, perhaps a homesick impulse, the river puts out a smooth and shining arm around the whole grove and point, a quarter of a mile each way, and holds them to its breast with that silver clasp just a moment before it drops into the bay. And

here the sea comes up with its wooing waves, and the fair river falls into its embrace. And this is the way it flows and grows from the lichen-spotted rock far in the northward, down to the salt swash of the bay. Why did not the bear drink it up? Why did not the earth suck it down? Why did not it flow into some inland lake? Allah il Allah!

On this point of land congregate every summer creatures scarcely less wild than the deer in the forest. Indians pitch their tents there, and hunt, and fish, and make baskets, and lie about in their graceful leisurely way. And sometimes they have a beauty besides their wildness, and faces of fascinating loveliness look out from among their common ones.

Looking at the company that came one summer, a geologist might be reminded of some bed of dark ore, or some cleft of a rock, in which he had found crystallized a perfect gem, deep-hued and sparkling. For if people could be enchanted into gems, then Philip Nicola would have made one of the finest garnets ever seen. The townspeople wondered and talked about him, the walks of all the young people pointed that way, and such a need of baskets never was.

An artist, chancing upon the encampment in his summer rambles, made a sketch of it, and enthusiastically placed Philip in the foreground. A photographer took his instruments to the point, like a thief in the night, and stole a picture of the youth as he sat on a bank looking straight before him. On his sole visit to the village, as he stalked through the streets, apparently as unconscious of observation as though he were the only person in the universe, people clustered at their windows to look, and gathered in shop doors and at street corners, admiring a beauty so superb and unique. Moreover, there was a charm in the cool disdain with which he met all their advances.

Spring came tardily that year. When May was half gone the double row of willows which, from being wands, had grown and taken forcible possession of one of the village streets, arching and darkening it, and thrusting great knuckled branches into people's faces, and which usually at this season conciliated passers with a display of charming verdancy, now showed no foliage at all. Only from a distance you could see a faint wavering green about them, but it

disappeared as you came nearer. Banks of snow yet lingered in shady places; there was ice under the sawdust below the mills, and Juliet Woodhurst had not yet been a-Maying.

But she went on the fourteenth day at a venture. For those flowers and mosses which she painted so beautifully could not be done without models, and she had orders, and her mother loved money. The place she sought was a piece of spruce woods east of the village; not beautiful woods if you looked at them *en masse*, but with many a minute and individual beauty for one who had eyes to see. She followed the path that was scarcely visible except to a familiar eye, winding among spongy knolls, passed behind a towering rock, turned out for two bushy spruces whose lower branches lay quite on the ground, then held up both hands with an exclamation of delight. There were her two knolls as pink as pink could be! Never were seen such May-flowers! Large clusters, standing crowded cheek to cheek, or dropped languidly, their rich bloom pillowed on a green leaf.

Juliet bent over them in an ecstasy, and presently drew breath and pressed her hand to her breast, for the feeling of intense delight gave her a pain. There was a rustle in the dry leaves—probably a squirrel foraging about, his eyes bright and beady, his bushy tail curled over his back. There was a sound like a soft step—perhaps a rabbit hopping over the moss to nibble the juicy spring buds. There was a click through the tender chill of the air—had the woodpecker come? No matter for them. Best worth looking at was this rosy-glowing "Act of faith" in the coming summer.

But that click came from a rifle-lock; and the foot that fell so softly was cased in a moccasin, and, poised so as not to stir a dry leaf, stood a dusky Adonis, gazing at the girl with a pair of eyes so strong and flashing as to have gained him the name of Eagle-Eye among his people.

He saw a girl of about eighteen, with a face of waxen paleness, with flaxen curls falling about forehead, cheeks and neck, and hovering over the smooth brow; and the blue eyes, and the sweet pathetic mouth, an atmosphere of melancholy, not so much positive as prophetic.

"So beautiful!" she sighed, and began gathering the flowers.

Then the stress of that steady gaze drew

her eyes upward, and she grew as pink as her flowers, and trembled while her gaze clung to his a moment, then dropped again.

He looked a moment longer, bending slightly toward her, then turned and walked on with a light and stately step, his rifle under one arm, the other hand holding suspended a bunch of pigeons with relaxed wings, and gorgeous necks glancing in the sun.

This young Indian, who was not older than twenty, was somewhat fancifully dressed in a green frock girded at the waist, and a green cap without vizor circling his tawny-colored forehead. A mixture of white blood had given him gray eyes instead of black, and a lighter skin, and had softened the full locks that clustered like plumes, and were all swept back to hang over his neck.

Juliet looked after him till he disappeared among the trees, well knowing who he must be, though she had never seen him before. And after he was out of sight she still looked, forgetting her flowers; but presently gathered them dreamily, and went slowly homeward. She never spoke of this meeting, nor joined her companions in their frequent walks to the Point. But when summer came with a sudden burst, and was luxuriant at mid-June, and melted to a fiery languor before midsummer, she would go with them sailing or rowing down the river, and past the cluster of tents.

One night, when the moon had begun to wane, they went down with the tide and a subsiding breath of west wind, intending to see the moon rise over the bay, and row back by its light. They floated down singing in the dusk through which burned a few large stars. On the Point the Indians' fire blazed against a background of deep shadows, lighting the faces that gathered about it, and touching a tent here and there with a splash of color. After they had passed, a canoe slid out and fell into their wake, floating after them like some shadowy bird; and only one saw it. Juliet, leaning pensive and silent in the stern, and looking back toward the encampment, had seen this shadow cross the bar of light that streamed from the fire over the water. It came nearer, till its frail prow tossed on the ripples they left, and she saw, as she lay low, the outlines of a slight figure against the dim light.

The romance of the hour and the situa-

tion stirred her. Perhaps, also, some feeling that had been lurking in her heart during the past weeks crept from its ambush, and gave access to the new impression. An uncongenial life had sapped the girl's young strength, and chilled her sensitive spirit; but deep in her heart was the fresh belief that somewhere life had a glory which should one day wrap her. What this glory was she had not asked, but only half hidden from her consciousness stood ever the radiant form of Love.

"Sing, Juliet," said some one.

She did not dare to sing of love, but her song, one of summer and moonlight, suggested nothing but love, and love was in every tone of her low sweet voice that trailed along silvery with their motion, a wake of foam and music.

Silence fell on them as they drifted out into the bay, watching a fanatical little cloud that hung as white as a fleece in the east, though the deep purple of the sky was yet unstirred by any wave of coming light.

"A bit rag of cirri high up," suggested one.

"An electrical cloud," said another.

"A spirit!" asserted a third.

They all started at that moment, for a low sound grew through the air about them, from across, or from under the water, or down from some height, a sound mournful and wild, yet of piercing sweetness. It seemed to advance and recede, and grew to be a human voice chanting in an unknown tongue. It rose till the air was full of its barbarous pathos and passion, and the trees on shore seemed to shiver, and the rocks to send sighing echoes; then the wail faded in lingering Gregorian cadences, unspeakably sad and strange, and died away into the lisp of the water.

With the last note the light of a torch broke out close to the boat, and Philip Nicola's frail shallop danced like a will-o'-the-wisp across their prow. Now he dropped alongside with shortened paddle, and caught the bubbles that flew from their bows; then, with a detaining dip of the wide blades, he slid into their wake, his face illuminated by the flare of his torch, but more, it seemed, by his flashing eyes, a fairer face also lighted, smiling and looking back on him; then he would shoot like an arrow far ahead, and zigzag mockingly before them; the drops that dripped from his paddle shining red as rubies.

While they watched this strange firefly glancing about the lonely stretch of the bay, his torch was cast, hissing, into the water; and then they perceived that the east was mellow with a soft aurora. It grew and brightened, and as the rim of the moon pushed up over the eastern horizon of hills, the little cloud dropped down to it like a moth into a flame, and disappeared. The tops of the trees caught and came out, twig, and bough, and branch, and trunk, the small stars dissolved, distant hills swam in the light, and a long chain crinkled brightly across the water and trembled on its heaving breast. Then every ripple caught a flickering fringe, the foam hissed like flame about their bows, the oars they began to dip dropped fire, and above, the whole sky overflowed with the broad and melancholy moonlight. They rowed gayly homeward, talking of their adventure; but one of the party sat silent and tranced, looking backward as long as that tossing speck was visible upon the waters.

One day, not long after, a sudden shower caught Philip Nicola while he was out fishing. He hurried home, dropped a long string that was all a-quiver with the brilliant scales of trout, sprang lightly under the dripping trees, lifted the fold of his tent and entered.

His grandmother and little sister Malle sat tranquilly weaving their baskets, while the rain pelted the canvas, and the trees creaked in the wind, and the thunders rattled overhead. And back in the tent sat a young girl, shrinking closely into a corner in a manner between bashfulness and fear. Her blue eyes gave the new-comer one shy glance as he entered, then dropped, and the flaxen curls swept forward and half concealed her face. Philip said not a word to Mrs. Nicola, then threw himself carelessly onto the boughs near their visitor, whom he did not notice after the first glance.

Presently Juliet took courage and lifted her drooping face. She drew a light muslin scarf closer to her pretty chin, and sat listening to the storm, and watching the small brown fingers that deftly plaited those silver ribbons of wood. What little hands and feet they had, and how exquisitely formed! The two females worked in that superb unconsciousness of observation which seems peculiar to the Indian, and which their civilized neighbors can only parody, their gentle gradual motions, and grave serene faces,

types of the true repose of manner. The young chief reclined like a bronze statue, as still and as beautiful, when Juliet ventured to glance toward him.

The Greek outline with more than Grecian richness of color, the crimson that burned in his small curved lips, and through the tawny brown of his oval cheeks, the plummy clustering hair from which the rain-drops slip as drops from a bird's wing—all made a picture which might well fascinate a less partial eye.

He did not seem aware of her gaze, but sat looking straight before him till the rain began to subside. Then a question and answer or two in their own language, and little Malle leaned forward and lifted the canvas. The clouds were melting, and a shaft of red gold from the setting sun flew into her face. She laughed, dropped her work, and sprang out and away down to the shore.

As the light broke in, Juliet felt that the young chief's eyes were at length turned on her with a gaze that repaid her own tenfold. A faint pink began to flicker in her face, her lips grew tremulous and rosy, and her bosom heaved. She put up a hand as white as milk, and flung her curls back, she twisted the ribbons of her hat, finally she turned on him an appealing look. Her timid eyes did not meet the full gaze of his, but a subdued glow from under the lowered lids.

Mrs. Nicola dropped her work, and rising, stately as a palm-tree, lifted the canvas and went out, leaving the two alone.

The curtains had scarcely dropped behind her when Philip changed his place to one nearer his companion, and reaching, took her hand in his. It trembled like a frightened bird; and would have withdrawn itself, but he held it, not rudely, but with a gentle determination. He smoothed its vivid white with his dusky fingers, smiling at the contrast; he placed the velvety palm on his cheek that glowed beneath its softness; he stroked and wound about his fingers the flossy curls, touching with an admiring and careful fondness, as though she were some frail thing which he feared to injure. At length the dark eyes were lifted to meet her blue ones, and melted on them with a soft fire.

"I love you!" he whispered, in an impassioned undertone.

After the first impulse of surprise and alarm, a sort of fascination wrapped the girl. She seemed to herself some wild crea-

ture whom this young god was gently and lovingly taming. The world and life, as she had known them, slid from her like a rent vesture.

"Snapped in the breath of the divine desire
All the vain swathes with which convention
thralls;
Nature breaks forth, and at her breath of fire,
The elaborate snow-pile's molten temple falls;
And life's seared priestcrafts fly before the
truth,
Whose name is Passion, whose great altar,
Youth!"

Mists crept over her eyes, gathered, but did not fall, and the breath fluttered on her parted lips. At those three words her whole pure and lovely being opened like a lily to the sunbeam. A hand drew her, an arm clasped her, and, for the first time in her life, a kiss of love was pressed upon her lips. The water was made wine!

There was no resistance. She sighed and yielded, as in some delicious dream. A voice outside recalled her.

"I must go," she whispered, hurriedly. "My brother has come."

The arms were withdrawn instantly, and she sprang up just in time to meet her brother at the tent door.

"I got back as soon as I could, Juliet," said the lad, eager and out of breath. "I got a boat instead of a carriage, so as to save your wetting your feet going to the road. Get your hat, and come."

As her brother turned to precede her, Juliet looked back into the tent. Philip had sunk into a reclining posture, but at her glance he sprang up, caught her hand, and drew her to him.

"You must let me go, indeed you must," she said, blushing and tearful. "I am afraid. I don't know what I am doing. If my mother should know, I think she would kill me."

"You are mine, and no one else shall have you," he whispered, passionately. "If she hurts you, I kill her."

What was the world to this girl? What treasure did it hold that could equal this glorious youth, who clasped and claimed her? She rested an instant against his breast, then with a whispered vow, "No one but you shall have me, Philip!" she broke from him, and ran out.

The men were lolling about, waiting for their supper, and a woman was frying fish at the fire. Mrs. Nicola stood opposite her,

leisurely tossing twigs into the flames, and Juliet's brother, cap in hand, was thanking her for her hospitality toward his sister.

Juliet timidly touched the small brown hand in passing, glanced up into the emotionless face, and followed her brother to the shore, where Malie was frisking in and out of the water like a spaniel. In passing, she gave a caressing touch to the dark elflocks of the little savage, then stepped into their boat, and was pulled slowly away from shore.

"Do you think you have taken any cold, sis?" asked her brother, anxiously.

"No, Willie."

"You know mother would be dreadfully angry if you shouldn't be able to sing at the party to-morrow evening."

"I have no cold," she answered, dreamily.

"I believe that old squaw has bewitched you," said her brother, laughing. "You've been in a maze ever since we left the Point. I'll try the Arabian Nights' dodge on you." Playfully sprinkling a few drops of water in her face, he exclaimed, "Resume your own proper spirit!"

Juliet laughed, and tried to obey, but vainly. A new power had indeed wrapped her forever away from her former life and all belonging to it.

These children had lost their father years before, and their mother was a cruel, ambitious woman, whose means were far below her desires. There was little pleasure at home for the brother and sister, except in each other's society, and even that was restricted. For Willie could get copying for the evenings, and since Juliet must spend a part of every day in painting, the evenings must be devoted to her piano. The girl could coin gold from the keys, and must not waste her time. Almost the only times she was allowed out, were when she went to the woods for patterns to paint from.

Now these woodland rambles were not always taken alone, and on an unlucky day, Mrs. Nicola, stealing over the mosses with noiseless tread, came upon the girl sitting on the flowery roots of a tree, with her young forest king lying at her feet. An angry exclamation broke from the old woman, and she stood a moment regarding them with scowling face; but Philip took no notice of her, and did not move from his position, and with a scornful shake of the head, she passed on.

Mrs. Nicola had reason to dislike such a connection, for her only child, Malie, the mother of Philip and Malie, had been enticed away from their encampment by a white man. For years the girl had not been heard of, but one morning, lifting the fold of her tent, the mother saw before it a shadowy form seated on the ground, with her head dropped forward upon her breast. A laughing babe cowered upon her knees, and a boy of ten years of age leaned on his mother's shoulder, and regarded his grandmother with brilliant fearless eyes. For a moment the deserted mother stood looking at this group, then, as the women began to gather with jeers and laughter, she took her daughter by the hand, and led her into the tent. For several days poor Malie sat there, silent and drooping, and suddenly she dropped forward on her face—dead! So Mrs. Nicola had no reason to desire any further alliance with the pale-faces.

Of course these meetings of Phillip and Juliet could not go on long without being known, since eyes were always watching for the beautiful savage. A slight coolness and distance began to creep into the intercourse of Juliet and her friends. The visits of the young ladies to the Point were gradually discontinued. They grouped apart, and watched her curiously. Some made a heroine of, and adored her. From the young people the word went to their elders, whose judgment was far more severe. It was very well to pretend to be charmed with the handsome Indian, to laugh and jest about him, to follow and admire him as unblushingly as though he were an automaton; but to blush and tremble at his name, to wander off gathering flowers with him, in fine, to treat him like a welcome lover, was quite another thing. Then, too, evil hearts imagine evil things, as it is their nature to, and evil tongues whispered them, and the whole town was abuzz with gossip before Juliet well knew that any one suspected her love.

No one had yet been bold enough to tell Mrs. Woodhurst, who was a virago of the first water, and she was the last to know the utter ruin that threatened all her ambitious plans for her daughter's settlement.

It was the first of August, and for several days Juliet had not seen her lover. In vain she visited their haunts. There was no sign of him. The first disappointment was rather a surprise than a pain, the second

troubled her, the third filled her with a vague terror. She began to bethink herself of her situation, what it would be to lose him and to look forward to the end of this dream of hers. On the fourth day she could bear her suspense no longer, and set out for the encampment. See him she must, at any cost.

When she came in sight of the camp she saw the women weaving baskets in their usual way, the children playing about, but no men, and no Philip. With a weary sinking heart she hid among the trees and watched. Presently something fluttered at the opening of Philip's tent. She caught her breath, and looked again. A hand was beckoning her. With a fleet step she ran across the opening. Little she cared for the others if Philip was there. He lay upon the mats, pale, but radiant when he saw her. He had been ill. "She gave me something to make me sick," he said, pointing out toward his grandmother. "She keep me away from you."

Juliet threw herself upon his bosom with tears, and passionate protestations of love, grief and fidelity. What she had suffered in those few days, and what he told her, had wakened her from her happy dream, and through its rosy mists she saw vaguely the outlines of inevitable tragedy. In the midst of her transports, a shadow darkened the door, and Mrs. Nicola stood there erect and firm.

"You go home!" she said, angrily. "You come here after Philip, and they send us away. You go home!"

"O, let me stay!" pleaded the girl. "I am so miserable at home, and I shall die if I lose Philip. Let me live with him, and go wherever he goes. I will help you all I can."

But her piteous voice and streaming eyes moved no gentler feeling in the old woman's breast.

"What we do with you?" she cried, scornfully. "They call us thief, the sheriff come after us, they put us in jail. Go home!"

Juliet turned in despair to her lover, and hid her face in his breast. He clasped her closely, and turned a face of angry defiance on his grandmother. Juliet did not understand a word they said, but she knew that her champion spoke with fire, and silenced the other, and that in ending he held up his right hand toward heaven, as though calling God to witness an oath. The old woman

looked at him a moment in silence, then turned and walked away.

Then for the first time they spoke of their future. There was a beautiful country beyond the great lakes where Philip's mother had lived, and where he and Malie were born. He described the country, as he remembered it, in glowing language. There they would go as soon as they could make their little preparations, and evade their persecutors.

It was near sunset when Juliet reached home, and then she knew that the blow had fallen. Mrs. Nicola sat there, cold and composed, and before her stood Mrs. Woodhurst, with burning eyes, and a dull red all over her usually pale and handsome face. At the sight, Juliet melted down on the floor like a snow-wreath.

Let not the mother's rage be dwelt upon. It was what might be expected from a violent brutal woman in whose nature the element of tenderness seemed to have been left out. For days Juliet was a half-starved prisoner in her own room, and it was only when her mother became alarmed by her increasing illness, that her brother was admitted to her.

Willie did what a boy could to soothe and comfort her. She was to keep up courage, and soon they would go away and live in peace by themselves. He cried over the bruises in her tender flesh, and vowed that no other blow should she receive. He would threaten their mother with exposure. For Mrs. Woodhurst knew perfectly well what was due to appearances, and could, at pleasure, assume a manner of silken softness. Besides, Willie said, as soon as the Indians had fairly got off, perhaps the next day Juliet would be allowed to go out.

The girl's fevered, bewildered brain caught but one idea—he was going away, and she should never see him again. At the thought, her hot dry hands were clenched in nervous passion, and her glittering eyes watched eagerly the fading of the gray twilight. The sky was shrouded in mists, and long sighs of wind rose and fell mournfully as the night came on.

Mrs. Woodhurst came in and gave her daughter some medicine, and sneered with it.

"Annie will stay with you to-night, Mrs. Nicola," she said. "I'm not going to be broken of my rest any longer for a love-sick fool."

Had she seen the brightening of those

wild eyes, she might have changed her mind. But the lamp flared in her face, and dazzled her. A few offices were performed, ungraciously enough, then she withdrew to her rest.

Sometime in the night she was awakened by Anne's frightened voice in the entry.

"Willie! Willie! Get up! I can't find Juliet, and I don't dare tell your mother!"

The mother did not need more telling. In an instant she was out of bed. The house and grounds were searched, the neighbors were alarmed, and before morning, the whole town.

Meantime Juliet wandered through the woods, missing her way and finding it again, falling and rising painfully, fording the stream with bare bleeding feet, and, at length, reaching the Point. Not a sign of life was there. The tents had been removed, and the smouldering ashes of a fire showed that they must have gone that afternoon. With a cry of despair the girl flung herself on the ground where his tent had been.

Presently she remembered that they must have gone towards the South, and that, possibly, she could overtake them. She started up, and groped on. The wind rose and sighed through the trees, and heavy drops of rain began to fall. Still she pressed on; forgetting, after a time, whom she sought, striving to recollect where he wanted to go. Her failing mind caught at fragments of the past, fancying that she was flying from the hostile Indians, then from her mother. Going still further into the past, she thought that she was seeking her father. He was lost in the woods, and she must find him. Grasping the idea, she pressed on, calling faintly on her father, and still more faintly weeping, and wringing her hands, till at length, almost exhausted, she sank down at the foot of a tree, and sat there moaning in the softly-falling rain.

As she sat, the bay was open before her, and a vessel coming up in the thick mist carried a red light aloft. That light broke in on her mind, and half recalled her to more recent scenes. It was Philip's torch, she remembered now, and she must go to meet him. By some fatality, a crazy boat lay at the water's edge where she searched, and soon her feverish eager fingers had untied it, and pushed it from shore. In the dimness of the night and rain she floated out in the fast-filling boat, scarcely con-

scious through delirium and exhaustion of the water that crept to her ankles, to her knees, that flowed around, then over her pale and pitiful form. There was scarcely more than a sigh, but she floated slowly down on the tossing water, outward to the sea. And out into the Great Sea floated her weary soul, finding, we must hope, a peaceful country.

August, September and October passed, and the same company of Indians, returning from the coast, halted again on the Point. Philip was ill, and could not go on. He, knowing nothing of what had happened, insisted on seeing Juliet again, and his grandmother was forced to yield. She went to Mrs. Woodhurst, and returning, stood in silence, telling nothing. Little Malie, hearing the story, was more communicative.

She told her brother all, and their Father, coming to anoint him, confirmed it. He looked at each, as they spoke, with a piercing glance, then closed his eyes, and turned his face from them.

A day or two after, as Willie Woodhurst stood in their garden, he saw an irregular procession coming up the road from the Point. He had been watching for it, and when it came in front of their gate, he went out, weeping, and laid a wreath of flowers on the coffin. Little Malie walked after it, sobbing piteously, but the others moved in solemn silence, looking neither to right nor left. Only, as the boy laid down his flowery offering, they paused a moment, turned their dark eyes on him, then resumed their steady and silent march.

POTATOES "IN BULK."

BY W. H. MACY.

My neighbor, Dick Norton, is comfortably well-off and able to enjoy life very much as he pleases, consulting his own tastes in all matters of expenditure. Dick struck a rich lead in California, and made his pile in '49 and '50. He landed there with hardly a second shirt to his back, having been, through all his younger days, a wild harem-scarein adventurer, here to-day and gone to-morrow. I had met him several times on board different ships, and at various places on the Pacific side of the globe; but after I had lost the run of him a few years, he turned up quite wealthy, came home, married and settled down. So one day I asked Dick how he got to California.

"Well, to tell the truth, I got there as a stowaway," he said.

"Indeed," said I. "Well, I'll venture to say that was not the first time you had filled such a position; but I guess you never before stowed yourself away to so good a purpose."

That's true. I had been "seeking my

fortune"—as the story-books used to say—for about ten years, but it always kept ahead of me, just out of my reach, and I met only with *mis-fortune*. *She* seemed to be a miss that was always true and constant to me, so that I couldn't call her a fickle jade, but I confess I had become tired of her constancy.

"Well, you know the last time you saw me at sea, I was in the old ship Vernon 'up North.' Well, I had my usual old luck there, for we didn't make much of a trip of it, as far as oil was concerned. We got two or three whales early in the season; but afterwards we butted her too heavily in the ice-fields and started a bad leak that kept us busy at the pumps a great part of the time. As you know very well, that is monotonous kind of business, and belongs in the same catalogue with turning grindstone and sawing wood. On account of the leaky condition of the old ship, we were obliged to leave the ground early in the fall, and make the best of our way

into Honolulu, where the ship was to be discharged for repairs. We thought that if the ship was to be *discharged*, the men should be, too; but Captain Tripp looked at the matter from a different standpoint. There was no prospect of getting clear papers from the ship; and as I thought I had stuck by her quite long enough, I determined to shake her dust off my feet, and seek my fortune elsewhere. Besides, I had heard rumors about the new *El Dorado* in California, and like other adventurous youths, I thought I would like a peep at it; but did not see how to get it. There was no vessel up for California just then, though one had sailed a few days before.

Honolulu, as you well know, is not the best place in the world to run away, the only point usually gained by desertion being a change of ship. It is out of one whaler into another, and the change is quite as likely to be for the worse as for the better. But I was determined to try my luck on shore at first, and see if I could not find a chance to get up to the coast, or make some different voyage; for I was really tired, not so much of whaling, as of cruising for whales without getting them. So I stayed by the old *Vernon* six weeks until her repairs were all completed, and she was all a-taunto for another cruise; and then when I went ashore on liberty for the last time, I just stepped out of sight and hearing, and didn't report myself when the sundown boat came in. But it was no uncommon thing for men to stay over night; therefore I should not be set down as a deserter until after the boat had been sent in again next morning, without finding me.

Old *Jock Armstrong*, the boarding-master, you know him, for everybody does who has ever been to the Sandwich Islands—had agreed to put me in a safe place where the *kaiaks* would never find me. So he put me away in an old lumber closet at the back part of his boarding-house, where, to my great surprise, I found Sam Randall, one of my shipmates, already established and making himself quite at home. Neither of us had told the other of his intention to desert the *Vernon*, and the surprise was therefore mutual.

"Ah, Sam!" we were both of one mind then! But we can throw our chances together, and perhaps help each other, though it seems you didn't dare trust me, nor I you, beforehand."

So Sam Randall and I became sworn com-

rades in this adventure, and kept ourselves quietly in our hiding-place, trusting to *Jock* to bring information about the *Vernon's* movements. The boat came in next morning, and of course a few inquiries were made about Dick and Sam, but as they were not forthcoming, the officer returned on board, and to our surprise, Captain Tripp at once took his anchor and went to sea the same day. There were only two other ships remaining at Honolulu, out of all the whaling fleet; and within three or four days the harbor was quite deserted, for it was getting late in November, and every one was off on a "between seasons" cruise.

As soon as the coast was clear, we ventured out of our snug quarters, but we knew not what instructions Captain Tripp might have left behind for our capture, and were very shy of every native policeman we met. Sam had been in the runaway business before at this same port, and told how he lay concealed in a ship's fore-peak, while a party of these *kaiaks* were searching high and low for him. They even came down into the fore-castle, took off the scuttle, and punched about with swords and poles! But as Sam said, they wore white trousers, had only one pair apiece, and were afraid of getting these dirty, and so he managed, by crowding well into the hold, to keep out of their reach.

No one molested us, however, or seemed to be at all interested in our affairs. Meanwhile we boarded with *Jock Armstrong* and pretended that we had been regularly discharged from our last ship. But this state of things could not last long, as we had but little money and there seemed to be no employment for us on shore. But luckily we got a chance within the week to work our passage in the *Turtle*, a little schooner that was bound up to Lahaina in the island of Maui. And as this change might possibly throw us in the way of some vessel going in the direction of California, or anywhere on the coast of the main land, we eagerly embraced it, and went cheerfully to our duties on board the little craft.

We had little more than cleared the harbor, and begun to feel the swell of the broad Pacific, when a barque hove in sight, rounding Diamond Head, and steering down towards the anchorage. We scanned the stranger curiously, as she approached, wondering who it could be that had remained at sea so late on the Northern grounds, for she was evidently a whaler, and the season

for their visits to Honolulu was quite over.

"Dick!" said my chum, with a sudden start. "We're just in time, for that's the Vernon!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "The Vernon isn't a barque, is she?"

"Say rather, she *wasn't* a barque when we left her; but she is *now*, for *that's* the Vernon. I know the very bluff of her bows and the tumble-home of her upper-work—and see that patch in the foresail. I can swear to it anywhere as my own clumsy work."

And Sam was right. For as she came nearer and yawed so that the mizzen-mast could be seen, the trick was exposed. The topmast had been sent down, and a long topgallant-mast sent aloft in its place; and by a few other little changes, the venerable craft had been transformed, for the time being, into a barque. Captain Tripp had thought to trip us by his ingenuity, and to get his boat ashore and nab his two run-aways, before we had a suspicion of the identity of the vessel. And perhaps had we been on shore, the trick would have succeeded, but we had the advantage of a nearer view of her rig than he meant to give us. He luffed as if he was desirous of communicating with the schooner, but the skipper of the Turtle didn't want to be delayed on his voyage, and, wanting our services, didn't care whether we were deserters or otherwise. So we went about our business, while the Vernon proceeded on her bootless errand, to search for me and Sam Randall.

The very next day after our arrival at Lahaina, a brig anchored in the roadstead, direct from San Francisco. She had come to purchase potatoes, for that vegetable was then selling in El Dorado at fabulous prices, though three years later better potatoes were shipped from California to the islands. The captain was in a hurry and would remain but a few days at Lahaina. Of course, he didn't want any hands, the supply of men being much greater than the demand. Any number could have been found ready to work their passage; but his crew that he brought from San Francisco were on high wages, and had no idea of leaving him until he had carried them back to San Francisco.

But Sam and I made friends with one of them, a good-natured fellow, who made a signal to us during his anchor-watch the night before the brig was to sail. We paddled softly alongside in a little canoe with a friendly Kanaka, and were provided with

quarters in the hold among the potatoes. We expected to be far at sea in a few hours; but in the morning it was discovered that the vessel's pumps would not work, and it was not safe to sail until they were taken out and refitted. So we were obliged to crawl into the darkest corners, and lie quiet through two whole days until the repairs were completed. Our friend brought us what food he could get without exciting suspicion; but it was not desirable to make confidants of others of the crew, who might have informed and spoiled our plan. Sam thought it looked very much as though we might be restricted to a diet of raw potatoes, if this state of things continued much longer; but on the third day we had the pleasure of hearing the sound of heaving up the anchor and making sail, and soon the motion of the vessel gave evidence that we were tossing on the ocean swell outside the reef.

The Kangaroo was one of those old traps, so many of which were sent out at the period when everybody and his brother had the mining fever, and "joint-stock companies" were being formed everywhere to buy the poorest vessel that could possibly risk the voyage round the Horn, and to fit her out as cheaply as possible. The company had, as usual in such cases, broken up as soon as they arrived in California, and resold the brig to her present captain who had invested his all in this potato speculation.

She was a square-rigged brig, and had formerly been in the lumber trade, having a great port in her bow, which had been closed up and caulked when she was bought by the California adventurers; but this work had been clumsily done, and she had leaked more or less ever since. A rude flooring had been laid in the hold, and the potatoes, of which several hundred bushels had been bought at the islands, were dumped down in bulk upon this flooring. Unlike most of her class, the Kangaroo was rather a swift sailer, and a short passage was confidently hoped for.

Sam and I were determined to make a sure thing of it, and not to show our heads above deck until we were hundreds of miles on our voyage; for we had no idea of being carried back and landed, as we were fearful might otherwise be the case. We stood out northward, as we judged by the tack the brig was on; as it is necessary to get into the variable winds before any progress can be made to the eastward. We jogged along pretty well for two or three

days, though it was not pleasant to hear the water swaying and swashing under us, and the heavy strokes of the pumps going for an hour together at every relief of the watches. As the brig had only six hands before the mast, we judged they must be pretty well blown with their labor at the pumps, and thought they certainly earned their money, California wages though it was.

On the third night after leaving Lahaina a heavy squall struck us in the night. We knew by the sounds of what had been done overhead that the brig was under whole topsails at the time she received it, and that everything was let go by the run. Down she went more and more on her broadside, and we poor stowaways struggled for dear life to get up to windward, for the potatoes seemed to rumble and sag, showing signs of "shifting" in a body to leeward. We were but just in time, as it proved, for we had hardly gained a safe position, when away went the whole mass, piling themselves up to the deck on the lee side, while the howling of the wind, the slatting of canvas, the cries of the seamen overhead, and the general Babel of sounds, was perfectly fearful.

"Dick," said my companion, "it's a case of life and death. We must get out of this, and not stand on ceremonies. If the old hooker is to go to the bottom, we must take our chance of being decently drowned in the open air."

"Yes," said I. "It would be too horrible to be drowned here like rats in a box-trap, or buried under an avalanche of potatoes—for if they should shift back again—"

Crash! It seemed as if the whole broadside of our prison had been forced in, and with a confused idea of what could be meant by the "crack of doom," we squeezed ourselves through a small opening into the fore-castle, where we lay a moment to recover breath among a confused jumble of sea-chests, molasses-kegs, tin pots and pans, old clothes, and other miscellaneous lumber, with the step-ladder astride of the pile; for everything had "fetched away" at the last lurch she had made. The hanging-lamp still held its place, on a nail in the deck-beam, and shed a dim light over chaos; and by a hard struggle we made out to get the ladder up again into its cleets, and climbed to the deck.

We were by this time satisfied what the grand crash meant. The rude flooring had broken down under the accumulated weight

of all the potatoes on one side, and the whole mass of them was adrift in the bottom of the hold. This change of circumstances, however, relieved the brig somewhat, and perhaps saved her from being entirely lost, by going on her beam-ends and foundering. The squall was short-lived, and its first fury was spent when we emerged into the open air, and turned to, without orders, to make ourselves useful, and assist in saving things.

Both topsails were torn and split badly, as they had been only "Spanish-reefed,"—that is, let go by the run, and the reef-tackles partly hauled out; and the back-stays having been cut by the captain's order, both to gallant-masts had gone over to leeward, so that there was a very pretty general-average job, considering that the skipper, besides being owner, was also his own underwriter. But as the squall abated the vessel partially righted, and we went to work to make things as snug as possible. For the time being no one asked who we two strangers were, or whence we came. The officers were only too glad to find they had the extra help of two stout men, and did not hesitate to avail themselves of it.

But the greatest trouble of all was to come; for when the pumps were tried, it was found that more than double duty was required to free her of water. The extra strain upon the old Kangaroo had increased her leaks to an alarming degree. It was only by great exertions that we succeeded in keeping her afloat and pumping her into the Bay of San Francisco; and as for the cargo, it was about a total loss, after the break-down of the flooring, which put at least six hundred bushels of murphies in soak. We saved a few, but the greater part of them, bruised and spoiled, were thrown overboard to get rid of them; for every now and then a small potato would find its way by suction into the pumps upon which our sole salvation depended. And had it been the most unpromising land in the world instead of California, we should have been as rejoiced when the old Kangaroo, strained and battered, once more swung to her anchor and our voyage was up.

The skipper had made a losing speculation of it; but he sold the brig at the first offer, and I heard that he bettered his fortunes in the mines, as I myself did. As for Sam Randall, he shipped on high wages for a voyage to China, and I never saw or heard of him afterwards.

"POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.": PART II. AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

FLETOHER, ADA L

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"POUR PASSER LE TEMPS."

BY ADA L. FLETOHER.

SINGING like a lark, came sweet Lettie Thornton up from the meadow, that bright June morning, her broad straw hat swinging from its strings around the slender neck, and filled with bright flowers, she had brushed the dew from vale and hill to gather. Flowers were twined in graceful fantastic fashion through the silky dusky curls, and ran over the edges of the basket on her arm, and out of the little white apron she held to her bosom, with the small hand that would have been dainty and white had it not been kissed and caressed by the spring winds and sun. She made a beautiful picture as she paused in the shad-

ow of the great oak tree in the grassy yard, to arrange her flowers, but she wasn't thinking of that, though the happy smile that shone in her blue eyes and almost broke into laughter on her lips, showed that her thoughts were very pleasant. She was thinking as she lifted a cluster of pansies from the basket at her feet, who had whispered under that very oak tree, the morning before, that her eyes were like the pansies, and from that her thoughts ran back through all the glowing weeks, lingering upon words, and tones, and glances, until the round cheek burned with happy blushes, and the dark lashes veiled her eyes, even though

there was no one by to see. Little Lettie was very young, dear reader! Only fifteen years had passed over her restless head, and those had been passed in the almost convent seclusion of her inland country home, so you must forgive her, if she was credulous enough to believe the words of flattery and love whispered in her ear by the well-accustomed tongue, and told with far more effect by the handsome brown eyes of her aunt's city boarder, Harold Graham.

And Lettie was beautiful. She needed no cunning lips to tell her this, for from the time she could run alone, every visitor at the old farmhouse, had something to say in the child's presence about "bright eyes," and "pretty curls," and though her aunt and grandmother had always tempered the compliment by the sage remark, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty's only skin deep," Lettie knew they didn't think so, by the care taken to fasten her sunbonnet on, and the many injunctions given her to keep it there, for fear she should get "tanned and freckled!" And even if all this had failed, the brook, in whose clear water she had bathed her face that morning, would have told her how charming that face was. But under that mass of curls there was a very active brain, and a good store of that rather uncommon article called "common sense," which kept the little girl from being vain or spoiled. There was no lack of spirit or pride either, in her composition, and they showed themselves sometimes in the flash of the blue eyes; but though much petted and flattered by the city ladies and gentlemen who every summer besieged "Aunt Arden" for board, Lettie never thought herself above her rustic playmates and friends, and for that reason there was no girl in all the country round more popular than she. Young as she was, she did not lack for admirers, but there was something in the very first words spoken to her, by Harold Graham when he came that summer, so different from anything she had ever heard, and his whole manner so evinced his delight in her beauty, and at length as she thought, his love for herself, that at last the proud little head was turned, and the warm loving heart was plaything in Harold Graham's hands.

You need not tell me there is no true enduring love at fifteen, because I know better. I won't argue with you about it, because I know you can't be convinced, when

you think of the many romantic schoolgirl loves you have watched arise, flourish and die; but I will say that all girls are not alike, and Lettie Thornton loved Harold Graham with as deep and true a love as her mother had given her father, and she was his wife at fifteen! I believe that any love, no matter how earnest, will die, when respect for and confidence in the object of that love is destroyed, and I always will believe this, until I find myself loving somebody I don't respect! That's fair, isn't it?

Well, Lettie sat there under the old oak tree, making bouquets of her flowers, and thinking of Harold, until the sunbeams danced round her, and there began to be some signs of life in the house beside those heard in the kitchen where Mrs. Arden with her "help" was getting breakfast.

Presently one of the upper windows that looked out on the yard where Lettie sat was thrown open, and the face and figure of a very handsome young man was framed therein. He was looking off toward the misty blue hills, and did not once see Lettie who shrank further and further in the shadow of the tree, for she did not like Carl Vaughn, Harold's cynical sarcastic cousin, who scarcely spoke to her, save the usual "good-morning!" or "good-night," but whose stinging wit she had often heard levelled at Harold and his friends. He was older than Harold, with much more nobility of character and purpose beneath his haughty, almost misanthropical exterior, but men of his disposition are not usually very attractive to girls of fifteen, and besides, Lettie was doubtful sometimes if he was aware of her existence. As she stood there, a voice that made Lettie's foolish little heart bound said:

"Sit down, Carl, and let's have a Havana," and then the peculiar fragrance of the cigar floated out on the morning air. Something Harold said which Lettie did not hear—then he added, "I wonder if La belle Lettie is over the hills and far away this morning, and if she is not sighing for her cavalier," finishing with a light laugh, that sent the blood back from the cheeks of the girl he had named, and made her listen to the conversation that followed with painful eagerness.

"What do you mean, Harold, any way," said Carl, "by the love you are making to this pretty child? It is quite apparent to the balance of us, that it is love on one

side, whatever it may be on the other."

"*'Four passer le temps,'* Carl!" and the light almost scornful laugh rang out again. "One cannot stay in the city this warm weather, and one must have *something* to 'pass the time away!'" And what as pleasant as love-making, when the maiden fair is as young and lovely as she of the pansy eyes?"

"Bah, Harold!" and Carl's but half smoked cigar was thrown impatiently from the window. "There is nothing that disgusts me more than that sort of talk from a creature calling himself a *man*! If you were a college student, now, or a counter-jumper, it would not sound so out of character. Did you ever stop to think for a moment, that what was merely pastime for you, might be *death* to this innocent young heart?" And the "pretty child," now crushed and tearful on the grass below, knew by his voice that Carl Vaughn had risen, and was pacing the room with quick excited steps.

"Upon my honor, I don't believe I ever did," Harold spoke in his most drawling tones. "To tell the truth, I haven't thought much about it, but I believe *La Petite* has a fancy for your cousin, Carl."

"Talk English, or nothing, to me, Harold," said the other, contemptuously. "I warn you that I shall take upon myself to inform Mrs. Arden of your amiable plan for killing time this summer, if you do not change it. It is not often that I interest myself in any of your actions, but this child has too pure a soul for you to sully, and too warm a heart for you to crush."

"Ah? I did not know your lordship ever condescended to notice the species! If I had thought of your having any intentions in that direction I should certainly—"

"Enough, Harold Graham—" But Lettie did not wait to hear more. With her aching heart and white despairing face, she crept like a wounded creature into the house, avoiding notice, and prone upon the floor of her own room she sobbed out her anguish.

But it was not for long. The hidden depths of pride in the girl's nature came to her rescue, and though wounded terribly, sorely, no one should ever know how deeply but herself, and even in the midst of her sorrow, contempt for the man who had caused it was uppermost in her thoughts. This, you know, *I* say will *kill* love, but the

death throes were terrible. "He shall never know," thought Lettie, when at last she answered her aunt's call and prepared to descend to her breakfast. "He shall never know!" And so she bathed her tear-stained face in the cool spring water, until the pallor and rigidity were almost gone, and the blue eyes smiled defiantly. She tied her curls back with her favorite blue ribbon, with the pansies matching her eyes placed carelessly at the side, and clenching one little hand tightly at her side to still the throbbing ache at her heart, she ran down the stairs singing as was her wont:

"Love me or no,
Love me or so,
I don't care a straw
If he love me or no!"

They were all seated at table when she came in, and she nodded gayly to each of the boarders as she walked to her place.

"You are merry this morning, Miss Lettie," said Harold, with an admiring look at the flushed cheek and bright eyes, which now met his unflinchingly as the owner replied:

"A light heart, and a walk in the woods after flowers will make any one merry, Mr. Graham."

It was not her custom to talk much at table, but this morning she was unusually, almost feverishly gay, and while Harold wondered at her manner, a pair of keen dark eyes opposite noted how her hand trembled as she handed him his coffee, and once he caught a strange grateful glance from the eyes he secretly thought so beautiful, that puzzled him exceedingly. "Something had come over the girl," he decided, but he did not guess at the reason.

After breakfast was over and Lettie had helped her aunt with the morning work, she went again to her room and knelt down by the side of her trunk, taking from it a box that contained her girlish treasures. A blue and gold book of poems, a withered rosebud or two, and a photograph sent back to the graceless young scamp by some other girl with whom he had flirted, no doubt, and bestowed upon Lettie, whose tears fell fast even in her anger, as she placed these relics together in a package. Then she took from her portfolio another letter in a feminine hand, which she had read a hundred times already, and went down with it to her aunt in the pleasant sitting-room.

Lettie loved her aunt, who had been very kind to the motherless child, and her lip quivered as she thought of what she was going to do, but her resolution was firm. She had determined to show Harold Graham that he was not the only one who appreciated her, and a desire for revenge, unacknowledged even to herself, rankled in her heart.

The letter she held was from a lady who had boarded with her aunt the summer before, and had become greatly attached to Lettie, from the fact of her remarkable resemblance to her own daughter Violet, over whose grave the now childless mother had bowed in anguish only a few months before. Mrs. Ross, who was very wealthy, had asked Lettie then to take Violet's place in her home and heart, but the girl's grandmother was living then, and she would not leave her. Now the request was repeated. Mrs. Ross was going to Europe and wanted Lettie to go with her, telling her she would adopt her as her own, and give her the education she meant to have given her own dead child.

"Come to me, little Lettie, dear little girl, with my lost darling's eyes and hair! You do not know how I need you—how I long for you," the letter said. Lettie read it to her aunt, who said when she had finished, though her voice was husky and there were tears in her eyes, "You must go, Lettie. It will never do for you to throw away a chance like this; and though I shall miss you sadly, I know the poor lady needs you."

And so it came to pass that the following month, when Mrs. Ross sailed for Europe, Lettie Thornton went with her, and Harold Graham knew nothing of her going save from the package that came to his address in New York, from which, when he opened it, there fluttered to his feet, a slip of paper, upon which was written simply the words "*Pour Passer Le Temps!*"

PART II.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

"HAROLD GRAHAM, by all that's truthful! How are you, old fellow?"

"Charlie Courtney—the very man I wanted to see!" And the two friends grasped hands in the hearty American fashion, there in the queer odd little town in the mountains of Switzerland.

"How came you here?" was the next query of each.

Harold Graham shrugged his shoulders in his graceful indolent way. "Just because I am tired of everything else, Courtney! And you? I saw your name registered at Geneva, and have been following you ever since, in hope of finding somebody to talk to in English!"

"I am escort-in-chief to my Aunt Mrs. Ross, and ma belle cousine Violet, and have been for the last two years. We go just wherever my lady's whim dictates. I am heartily glad to see you. Come up to my room, and after a while I will introduce you," said Courtney, taking his friend's arm.

Over their wine and cigars, the two talked of their adventures, and discussed home news until the night closed in over the dull little town. Time had not changed Harold Graham except by giving a worn look to the handsome face, and making him more thoroughly indifferent than ever to everything in the world but his own idle pleasure. With every luxury about him that wealth could provide, still home did not satisfy him, and he had spent the last five years in travel, until even with that he was wearied. When Charlie Courtney's watch told the hour of seven he started quickly up from the table, saying:

"I deserve the lecture I shall get, Harold! Aunt Annie has a headache, and will retire early, leaving my cousin alone. Make yourself presentable, my boy, and I will come for you in a few minutes. Good-by." And the handsome young fellow, who loved Violet Ross as his own sister, eagerly sought her presence, thinking she would be glad to meet an American friend of his, here in the wilds of Switzerland. When he entered the pleasant little parlor he had engaged for his aunt and cousin, Violet, who sat by the table writing in her journal, dropped her pen and looked up at him with a pleasant smile.

"Mamma has been scolding you, Charlie," she said. "But I told her I had no doubt that you were in more pleasant company."

"That were impossible, sweet cousin," said Charlie, taking the chair she indicated. "But I have run across an old friend of mine, whom I want to introduce to you and auntie, as he will be going our way. Have I your permission?"

"Certainly, Charlie; but what is the name of the unknown?"

"Harold Graham of New York," said Charlie, not noticing the sudden pallor of his cousin's face, that in an instant gave place to a burning flush, at the mention of his friend's name. "A cousin of that queer grum fellow Carl Vaughn, whom we met in Paris last winter, but nothing like him—great deal better company. Shall I bring him in, auntie? addressing the pale lady on the sofa who had not as yet spoken.

"Yes, Charlie, certainly. It will help Violet to pass this long lonely evening more pleasantly than she could otherwise," said Mrs. Ross. "And I will take my headache off to bed, leaving your cousin in your care, Charlie."

"You know how glad I am always to take care of her, auntie," said Charlie, adding mentally, "Yes, and how glad I would be to take care of her *always* if she would let me;" with a long-drawn sigh as he looked into the beautiful face now smiling and calm.

When Charlie had gone Violet rang the bell for her mother's maid, and when she was left alone, she took up the lamp, and walked to the long mirror between the windows and gazed long and steadily at the image reflected there. "At last," she thought—"at last! I wonder if he will know me?"

Know her? recognize the pretty child Lettie Thornton, with her great innocent blue eyes and flowing dusky curls, in whose ears he had whispered words that had poisoned her happiness for many dark months, in Violet Ross, that tall stately woman, with her proud beautiful face, great calm clear eyes, the color of those little Swiss lakes she had found in her walk that day, with almost purplish shadows in their blue depths—with the silken hair wound in glossy braids about the well-shaped head, with only now and then a tiny curl escaping?

She smiled as she thought of the improbability of the recognition, and remembered that neither Carl Vaughn nor any of those she had known as Lettie Thornton, and whom she had met in her travels, had known her. The "pretty child" in her simple muslin dress, had developed into a gloriously beautiful woman, whom the rich silk and old lace she wore to-night became marvellously well. This, with the change

of name, had completely destroyed her identity.

So it was with perfect calmness she awaited the arrival of the man who had treated her with so much cruel selfishness in those bygone days, and she greeted him with more warmth of manner than Charlie had ever seen her bestow upon any one. It was not right, I know, but was it not natural? He had wronged her greatly, and the desire for revenge had never died out of her woman's heart; and now that the hour had come, was she going to give it up? Judge by yourself, reader, if you are a woman, and if you are a man you can't judge at all. Harold Graham had never seen so beautiful, so charming a woman, and before the evening was over fell readily into the trap she had prepared for him. And this was only the beginning of his infatuation. It was the first real love of the man's life, and his whole nature was taken by storm. From place to place through that long beautiful summer he followed his enchantress, raving about her to poor Charlie, whose own heart was hopelessly beneath his cousin's feet.

Violet was pleasant and polite to every one, but there was a slight hauteur in her manner, that forbade the slightest approach to familiarity. To Harold she unbent in a way that bewildered both Mrs. Ross and Charlie, who had often wondered and secretly rejoiced at her indifference to men who had bowed at her feet, and whom any woman might have loved. But Violet knew her own heart. Sometimes when she paused to think, her conscience rebuked her for this unworthy mode of revenge, but when she remembered that summer long ago, she silenced conscience with wounded pride, and when next she met Harold, the red lips smiled as sweetly, and the great eyes shone with as dazzling a light into his. Harold never dreamed of this, but drifted on in blissful hopeful ignorance, longing yet fearing to "put his fortune to the test," and learn from Violet's own lips his fate. All that was good and noble in the man was awakened and brought to life, and more than once he found himself regretting his past life—wishing he could for Violet's sake recall some of its dark scenes.

At last they had come back to Geneva, on their way back to Paris, and Harold had determined *there* to know his fate. Violet had been very kind within the past months, though there had been nothing in her man-

ner that could be called encouragement. One day he entered Violet's parlor with the determination strong in his heart, and was surprised and annoyed to find visitors already there. Violet rose to receive him with graceful eagerness.

"Ah, Mr. Graham! I am so glad you have come just now. You will be glad to see your cousin, Mr. Vaughn;" and before Harold hardly knew what he was doing, he found himself shaking hands with Carl Vaughn, who appeared perfectly at his ease with their beautiful friend.

But Harold was ill at ease. He had always rather feared his brilliant cousin, whose keen sarcastic tongue spared neither friend nor foe; and now he would rather he had been anywhere else in the world than here. He had never seen Violet so animated as on this occasion; and wit and repartee were exchanged between herself and Carl, like arrows in an Indian battle. Purposely, it seemed, they took opposing sides in every argument, and there was no subject upon which they could agree, so that Harold began to think there was not much to be feared from Carl, when he saw how the blue eyes flashed, and the color deepened in the oval cheek, at some of Carl's remarks, which were never complimentary, and rarely polite.

But when morning after morning he called at the hotel, and was told by Mrs. Ross that "Violet was riding with Mr. Vaughn," or had "gone with Mr. Vaughn to look at a view from a certain point," and evening after evening he found Carl there, and noticed how eagerly Violet listened even while she opposed, his heart sank within him.

Carl Vaughn did not know why he had come to Geneva. He had met the Rosses in Paris, and admired Violet exceedingly, not only for her beauty but for the wit and sarcasm, keen as his own, that often obliged him to own himself beaten in a contest of words, but he never once connected her in his thoughts with the little girl whose champion he had been so long ago, though he did wonder sometimes where he had seen "such a pair of eyes before." And he had not as yet thought of love. But as the days went by, he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that there was a charm in her society, which he had never found in any other woman's. One morning they had walked together to see the sun rise from a neighboring hill; and as she stood slightly

in advance of him on a jutting rock, her hands clasped before her, and her dreamy eyes looking off at the glowing east, he suddenly uttered an exclamation that almost made her lose her balance on the rock, and turn a startled face toward him.

"Forgive me, Miss Ross," he said, "but I have been trying to think ever since I knew you, whom I had known before that resembled you, and I have just discovered. You look this morning strangely like a little girl I knew seven years ago, at a farmhouse in New York, where I boarded one summer. I would like very much to know what has become of Lettie Thornton."

The color faded from Violet Ross's cheek, but Carl was too preoccupied to notice her agitation.

"She would have been about your age now, Miss Ross, and if she fulfilled the promise of her childhood almost as beautiful," and the dark eyes turned towards her with a softened light in them, and discovered to their amazement that Violet was crying! At first she had thought she would not tell him, but when she remembered how with all his cynicism Carl Vaughn hated a lie or anything like deception, and discovered, too, at the same moment, how much she valued his good opinion, she could not let it pass without telling him the truth. And when he spoke so tenderly of the little girl, and she remembered his manly defence of her that June morning, the tears sprang to her eyes. Forgetting all his coldness and indifference, Carl sprang to her side, calling her "Violet," and begging her to tell him the cause of her tears. Then the "glorious eyes" were turned toward him, and all the lips could utter was, "Mr. Vaughn, I was Lettie Thornton;" and then her face was buried in her hands.

Carl put his arm about her tenderly, and said, "Then why do you weep, little Lettie—dearer to me as Lettie than as Violet Ross! Some way, this does not surprise me as would seem natural, because it has always seemed as if I had known you before, and I know now that I have always loved you. And, Violet, I love you still—will you give your heart to me?" He did not need any further answer than was given him by one glance from her eyes which told the "old, old story."

After a while Violet explained it all to Carl, how Lettie Thornton came to be Violet Ross, and asked him to keep her secret.

"But, why, Lettie? And why has it ever been a secret?"

Then she told him, with her face hidden on his shoulder, of the conversation she had heard as she sat under the old oak tree, and the determination she had formed then to be revenged, and how chance had favored her this summer. "He is your cousin, Carl, but he wronged me deeply."

"I will acknowledge that he deserves punishment, Violet; but, my darling, is not *this mode a little unworthy of you?* It will punish Harold now simply to know that you were Lettie Thornton, and heard his ungentlemanly remarks about you; but, darling, would it not be more gentle and womanly to tell him before he humiliates himself further? Will you do this for me, Lettie?"

And Lettie promised. But when that evening, Harold came in so suddenly, and half wild with jealousy gave her no time to tell him what she had *intended*, but told her he loved her, begging for hope, she simply told him she did not and could not love him. He turned upon her then with the

question, "why, then, have you led me on?"

Then anger and contempt got the better of womanliness and gentleness, and Violet said with a sweeping courtesy, "*Pour Passer Le Temps*, Mr. Graham!"

He looked up quickly, something in her tone recalling—he knew not what. "I do not understand," he said, vacantly.

"Then perhaps you will when I tell you that Violet Ross was once Lettie Thornton, and overheard a certain conversation in which you told your cousin that you had won an innocent girl's heart simply to pass away the time. Lettie Thornton wishes you good-evening, Mr. Graham." And she left him alone dazed and bewildered.

It was wrong in Lettie, and she confessed it to Carl, who first blamed—then forgave her. Harold went back to America a wiser and a sadder man, and Carl and Violet soon followed, made happy by the "silken tie" that bound them together. Their winters are passed in the city, but every summer they go out to the old farmhouse, where Violet Vaughn, once Violet Ross, fancies herself Lettie Thornton again.

PRUDY'S "COMING OUT."

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

PRUDY had lived in the country all her life. And I suppose you would have known it by her looks; at all events, the girls at Madame Polisheur's did. It was not that she didn't dress like the others; her Aunt Haughton took the greatest pains about that, and had Madame Merveilleuse, just from Paris, to make all her dresses; and you may be sure that her cousin Genevieve Haughton would not have gone to school with her if she had not been dressed in the latest fashion! But the trouble was that she "hadn't a bit of style;" and when one is fourteen, and beginning, or *ought* to be beginning to look "young ladyish," that is a dreadful thing, you know.

That last sentence is a quotation from "all the girls" at Madame Polisheur's. I consider that they know, if anybody does. Moreover, the same verdict was rendered at Monsieur Pirouette's dancing school, and they were not all the same girls, by any means.

Her Cousin Genevieve said:

"You haven't the least bit of an air, and I really don't see how you will ever get along in society unless you cultivate one!"

Genevieve was almost fifteen.

"I don't know, the least bit in the world, *how* to cultivate one! And I'll never, never go into society! I think it is horrid!" cried poor Prudy, with tears in her eyes..

"O nonsense! you'll be crazy for parties, and flirting away, like the rest of us, in a little while," said Miss Genevieve. "And that makes me think that I am to have a party for you next month. Mamma says so—it will be your 'coming out.'"

Prudy's ruddy little cheeks actually grew pale.

"O Genevieve! I thought people didn't have to come out till they were eighteen," she said.

"Why, of course they don't, into *grown-up* society; but you don't suppose I never went to any parties, did you? Where did you suppose I acquired my manner?" asked Genevieve, grandly.

"You have got beautiful manners—O, if I could only do it! But I didn't think that you had to learn at parties. I thought you were a great deal smarter than I, and it came to you sort of disconsolately," said Prudy.

"You have to learn—but it's very easy. You have only to toss your head a little bit, and speak very softly, and *drawl* a little, and look as if you didn't care for anybody or anything; and *never* blush and look bashful, as you do. It's because you have always lived in the country, and never been into society, that you are so funny."

"Do you think it is that?" said Prudy, humbly. "I know I am not like you, and

the other girls at school. I feel just as if I were Cinderella, and you were the proud sisters! But I don't think I shall ever learn. O Genevieve, I think I had better go back to Kysdale!"

But the next moment something made Prudy dry her eyes, and resolve to stay and make the best of things. That something was a Great Purpose. I begin those two words with capitals, because that was the way they looked in Prudy's mind.

She had not left her invalid mother in the great lonely house at Kysdale, with nobody but servants to care for her, just for the sake of "being educated, and mingling with girls of her own age." No indeed! That was her mother's object in sending her to Aunt Haughton—dear unselfish mamma, to whom it was banishing the very light of her eyes!—but Prudy never would have consented to come; she would have coaxed, and coaxed, and cried her eyes out, and forced her mother to give up the project, if it had not been for her Purpose.

This was the way in which it first came into her mind: more than a year ago, before her grandfather died, she had one morning followed Dr. Saunders down from her mother's chamber to the library, whither he always went to see her grandfather before leaving the house. They were talking about her mother, and Dr. Saunders said something about "ministering to a mind diseased," and her grandfather said "Pshaw!" contemptuously, and grew red in the face; and then Dr. Saunders burst out impetuously:

"It is of no use to talk, Dr. Norton! You know what ails her as well as I do. She is fretting her life away for her husband, and until he is restored to her, or she knows something of his whereabouts, all the medicines in the universe will not bring her back to health."

And then her grandfather had grown very angry, and slammed the door in Prudy's very face, so that she could not hear any more—only very angry tones, as if they were quarrelling; though her grandfather and Dr. Saunders were very old friends, and had taken their degrees together.

Prudy knew the whole sad story; her mother had told it to her many times. She had married a poor German musician, against the will of her father, who disowned her. For a year or two they had lived happily together, and then sickness and poverty

had overtaken them, and after a long struggle she had been obliged, to save her child's life, to go back to her father, who received her, but shut his doors against her husband—which was unnecessary, for the poor musician's pride was too great to allow him ever to enter them. He went away to seek his fortune, and no word from him had ever come to the poor wife who watched and waited. Prudy had felt for years a vague desire to get into the world and seek for her father, but it had never taken any real shape until the day when she heard that conversation between her grandfather and Dr. Saunders. Not long after that her grandfather died. He left all his large fortune to her mother (Aunt Haughton having so rich a husband that she did not need any of it), and now it seemed to Prudy that there was no reason why she should not set out on her pilgrimage. She was not very practical, you see; she had lived on fairy stories and her own daydreams too much for that. The only thing that prevented her from going was the knowledge that her mother would never consent, and that if she should steal away without her knowledge it would break her heart.

But when her mother proposed her going to Aunt Haughton's for the winter, Prudy seized upon the project with an eager joy that surprised and saddened her mother, who had not thought it would be possible to persuade her to leave her.

Once in the great city, Prudy speedily realized how little likelihood there was that she would ever find her father. She did not know before how big the world was!

But though the Purpose was crowded aside sometimes by the small trials—O, such big ones to Prudy!—that assailed her, she never abandoned it. It held her back whenever she began to feel that she *must* go back to Kysdale and her mother.

Prudy was very diffident and very sensitive. She had lived a very secluded life, never mingling at all with girls of her own age, and she never had been able to feel at her ease among Madame Pollisheur's young ladies. But O! Monsieur Pirouette's dancing school was worse. For there all the other pupils already knew how to dance very well, and Prudy had never learned a step. She did not want to go into a beginner's class, because they were all little children there, and she could not stay away altogether, because Aunt Haughton would

not let her. But O, how she dreaded dancing-school days! for Monsieur Pirouette scolded her for being awkward, and the young gentlemen never asked her to dance—though of that she was glad, if it was mortifying. She used to think very often that she was like the ugly little duck in Hans Christian Andersen's story—but she never expected to be transformed as he was.

And now there was to be a "coming-out" party for her! That was more dreadful than anything that she had ever expected. She knew that Aunt Haughton meant it as a kindness to her, and she was grateful; but O, if there were only no such thing in the world as "society!" She had thought herself a little girl when she left Kysdale, but now she felt as if there were no little girls in the world. Genevieve and her "set," as she called them, were all young ladies.

Prudy had been invited, with Genevieve, to two or three parties already, but had begged and coaxed to be allowed to remain at home, until Aunt Haughton had yielded; but now that lady had begun to feel that she was not doing her duty by Prudy; she, as well as Genevieve, thought it was of great importance to acquire a "manner" and "style."

So the "coming-out" party was an evil that Prudy could not avert; though the dread of it haunted her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. She even dreamed one night, that, in the midst of the festivities, she had turned into a top, and Monsieur Pirouette, in the shape of a Huggermugger giant, was spinning her on his hand for the edification of the company!

But when her dress came home Prudy could not help feeling a thrill of delight; for it was one of Madame Mervilleuse's most marvellous efforts; though it was all white, and very simple, Aunt Haughton thought.

The dress had an "air," but somehow it wouldn't give Prudy one. That was what Genevieve said.

It was a "regular party." The carpet was taken up in the great drawing-room, and the floor prepared for dancing. The musicians were stationed in the little music-room, at the end of the drawing-room. It seemed like a fairy scene to Prudy's unaccustomed eyes; she was fairly dazzled with the lights, and the flowers, and the gay dresses. How she could have enjoyed it if only she had not felt so bashful, so awk-

ward, so forlorn! She could not dance, even a square dance, yet, without making so many blunders; and as for the German or a mazurka, they were too dreadful to be thought of.

A very fine young gentleman, with white gloves, a white necktie, and a white rosebud in his buttonhole, asked her to dance the first dance; and, as it was a simple quadrille, Prudy got along pretty well. She got through two or three dances very well, though one very old young gentleman—as much as nineteen, and with a mustache—with whom she danced, kept complimenting her in a way that was very disagreeable. He pressed her hand, too, and kept gazing at her in such an admiring way, that poor little Prudy was very much embarrassed, and so confused that she "crossed over," all alone, when it wasn't her turn, and put the whole set wrong.

Genevieve told her that the young gentleman was "perfectly splendid," and an "awful flirt." But Prudy didn't think he was splendid at all!

When she heard that the German was coming next, Prudy's heart was in her mouth. She could not get through it, she knew, and they would think her so awfully ignorant and stupid if she said so.

There was the "splendid" young man who was a "flirt" coming towards her, too! Prudy's courage all forsook her, and she ran away. She slipped out unobserved save by the "flirt," who consoled himself at once with another young lady, and into the little room now occupied by the musicians, and hid herself behind the heavy curtains of a window. Nobody came to seek her, and by-and-by she grew brave enough to peep out of her hiding-place. The music was still going on, and the musicians were apparently not observing her at all; probably they had not seen her, as she had stolen in at another door while they were all looking through the one which led into the drawing-room. The dancers had evidently forgotten her. Prudy perched herself on the broad window-seat, and drew the curtains aside, so that her face, with its coronal of yellow locks, was framed by the blue satin draperies, forming a more striking picture than she knew.

She felt secure now, and rustled the curtains heedlessly as she drew them aside; and at the sound the musicians turned towards her—all save one. He was watching

the dancers eagerly, almost breathlessly, as if in search of some one.

An old man who sat close beside Prudy looked up at her, with a pleased smile, as if she were indeed a picture; and Prudy, feeling as if some explanation of her sudden appearance were needed, said:

"I didn't want to dance, so I am hiding here. If any one comes to look for me, I shall draw the curtains, and you need not say that I am here, please."

"Not vish to dance? Dat is wonderful!" said the old musician. "Und vy is dis?"

Prudy hesitated, for she was shy; but he had such a kindly face, such a pleasant twinkle in his eye, that she was moved to open her heart to him frankly.

"I don't know how. I am only just learning—and then, I don't like boys so very much!"

How much further she might have gone in her confessions will never be known, for just then the face of one of the musicians struck her. It was the one who was looking so eagerly at the dancers. His earnest look attracted Prudy at first, then she fancied there was something familiar in his face.

"Who is that gentleman who looks so pale and thin? the one with the gray hair and black eyes?" she inquired of the old musician.

"Dat one? O, he belongs not mit us. He dake mein son Carl's place for dis night. He is shoost now from Chermanny come. He vas vild to come to dis house. I know not vy. He is poor, und he haf been very ill. He lodge mit us. I tink he haf friends, but he is too proud to seek dem because he haf no money. Ach! it is a cold vorld for vun vich is poor!"

"Is he all alone in the world? Poorman! that is very sad!" said Prudy, whose sympathy was so aroused that she forgot her own troubles.

At that moment the man turned, and saw Prudy's face, in its framework of blue satin. He started to his feet, dropping his violin.

"Mary!" he gasped out, as if all his heart were in his voice.

"What does he mean? My name is not Mary!" said Prudy; but already the man had seated himself, and taken his violin quietly up again; but he was very pale, and very much agitated, though he seemed to wish to conceal his emotion.

"Pardon me, miss! I haf dreamed," he

said; and turned his eyes again toward the dancers in the drawing-room. But he looked no longer eager, or as if he were seeking some one.

Prudy was very much astonished, and a little frightened. He had looked at her so strangely; his eyes looked almost wild. Her mother's name was Mary; and she was said to look very much like her; could he ever have known her?

She was so lost in thought that she did not observe her Cousin Genevieve, upon the arm of the "flirt," coming to seek her, until it was too late to hide.

They drew her back into the midst of the dancers with great haste, Genevieve being anxious not to lose even one dance; the "flirt" reproached her for causing him so much suffering as she had by withdrawing her presence from him, and Genevieve whispered that it "looked very odd," and "mamma didn't like it at all."

Prudy passed the rest of the evening in such a dazed and bewildered state that she almost forgot to feel shy and awkward. It had flashed across her mind that her father was a musician, and a German; she had never thought of him as being a musician like these, who played for dancing at parties, but still this man might have known him and her mother.

She could see him watching her intently through the door; yet when she looked toward him he instantly turned away his eyes.

Prudy went out to supper on the arm of a very nice boy, not so manly as the flirt; the latter had become discouraged, and given her up to her own devices, and was devoting himself assiduously to Genevieve, to Prudy's great relief; but the pale face of the musician who had called her "Mary" haunted her; she felt as if she were in a dream, and could scarcely listen to what people said to her enough to say "yes" and "no" in the right places.

When she reached her own room the first thing Prudy did was to take her father's picture from her drawer, and look at it. She had done it every night since she could remember, but now she did it with a haste and eagerness for which she herself could hardly account.

She wanted to see if it was to his face that the musician's bore the resemblance that puzzled her.

Strange as it may seem, Prudy had not yet thought for an instant that this man

might be her father; in her thoughts he was still the same young man that his picture showed; she had never taken the lapse of years into account.

What likeness could there be between this bright, strong, happy-faced young man and the gray-haired, hollow-cheeked man, with his expression of almost utter despair, who had shown such interest in her?

And yet there was a resemblance. Prudy saw it. The possibility flashed upon her mind. She remembered that the years might have wrought this grievous change; and she grew faint with the swift thrill of joy and hope that shot over her.

Prudy slept but little that night, and the next morning she started out, while Genevieve was still in bed. It was Saturday, fortunately, and there was no school to interfere with her undertaking. The old musician with whom she had held such friendly intercourse had told her where he lived, and that the one she sought "lodged mit" him.

It was not a very nice part of the city Prudy found, when, after some difficulty, she reached the street, but it looked clean and respectable.

Prudy did not know whom to ask for, but she made the motherly old German woman who came to the door understand, at last.

"Ach! he is ill, the poor man," she said. "He was not able to go out last night, but he would go, and now he cannot sit up. He is in a fever, too, and not quite right in his head."

Prudy insisted upon seeing him, and, after some delay, the old woman admitted her.

Prudy's heart thrilled at sight of his face—so wan and wasted! Yes, it was the face of the picture, only changed by time and illness—her father's face!

The sick man started at sight of her, and cried "Mary! Mary!" in an entreating tone.

"Mamma is Mary," said Prudy, in trembling tones. "I am Prudy—the little baby you left so long ago! Papa, don't you know me?"

It seemed to Prudy that there was a gleam of intelligence in his eyes, but he turned away from her with a disappointed sigh, and murmured "Mary!" again.

Fired by a sudden resolve, Prudy ran out of the house, leaving the old German woman dumb with astonishment. She made her way alone to the telegraph office, and sent this despatch to her mother:

"Mamma, come as quick as you can. I have found papa."

I need not tell that "mamma" came by the first train, or of the joyful meeting that followed—I could not do justice to that—nor how the poor musician was restored to health and strength by joy—the best medicine in the world.

And so Prudy accomplished her Great Purpose by means of the "coming-out" party which she dreaded so much.

She lives in the city now, with her father and mother, and has parties of her own; but Genevieve says they are "dreadfully childish affairs," and that Prudy "hasn't a bit of style" yet, and she is afraid she never will have.

For my part, I hope she never will be as "stylish" as her cousin Genevieve.

ROB LAUGHTON'S GOOD TIME.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"I say, Stella, will you play blind swaps?"

Rob had come rushing into the house with something carefully concealed in his hands, and the air of one who has something on his mind.

"I don't know 'blind swaps,'" said Stella, rather primly. She was two years older than Rob, and, as he said, "thought she must be dreadful nice and stuck-up because she was a girl."

"Well, I didn't expect you did. Girls never know anything. I'll show you how. I've got a new top. I swapped with Ned Josselyn; now I'll swap with you for your new one that you wouldn't show me last night, and you may cover it up, all but just the very point, and I'll keep this one covered up—so. Isn't that fair? It's good fun, too! All the fellers are doing it."

"I should think it was good fun for me to give you my elegant new top for that old thing of Ned Josselyn's, that he has had nobody knows how long!" said Stella.

"A feller can't have any fun with you, anyway; you are such a stingy old thing. But I'll pay you up, now; you see if I don't! I haven't paid you yet for telling who smashed the conservatory window; but you just wait!"

Stella did look a little alarmed. Rob never threatened without meaning all he said, and he was the greatest fellow to play tricks on you, just when you least expected them.

Stella was timid, too, if she was eleven years old, while Rob was as brave as a lion.

I'm afraid I can't say that Rob was a very good boy; and yet he meant to be. He was only very thoughtless, and rather mischievous. If the kitten had its head muffled in grandpa's silk handkerchief, or adorned with Stella's doll's new bonnet, nobody had any doubt as to the author of the mischief. If a loaf of cake or a pie disappeared mysteriously from the pantry, there was no need of inquiry where it was gone. If the beautiful statue of Persephone in the garden had a burnt-cork mustache about her delicately-carved lips, and Patrick's battered old hat upon her head, everybody

knew that Rob had done it. Windows were broken, vases toppled over, knickknacks of all kinds lay in ruins round Rob's pathway.

Scoldings and punishments did not seem to have the slightest effect. His afflicted family could only hope that he would "out-grow" his mischievous disposition.

When he threatened to "pay" Stella he usually meant to play some trick on her—frighten her, or mysteriously abstract her pet kitten, not allowing him to reappear for several days, or lock her into a dark closet, so far off that her screams could not be heard.

But a week elapsed after his last threat, and he had not played any tricks; on the contrary, he had been much quieter and better behaved than usual. Stella began to hope that he had forgotten his threats against her.

But alas! Rob never forgot. He was only biding his time. He and Ned Josselyn had laid their heads together. Ned Josselyn was a good deal older than Rob, and fuller of mischief, if that were possible. He did not like girls any better than Rob did, and to plan tricks to play on Stella was his particular delight.

On Saturday afternoon they might have been seen wending their way to the pumpkin patch out in the field. The pumpkins were ripe. Seth the hired man would gather them on Monday. On the next Tuesday the family were to go back to the city. Rob would be separated from Ned Josselyn and pumpkins, and tied down to hateful school, and the few enjoyments he could find in town.

"This is our last chance, Ned," he said, mournfully. "It's now or never. But we will have some jolly fun out of it! It will be something to tell the fellers of at home. My jolly! wout she yell!"

She meant Stella. You can see that Rob must have been a very bad boy indeed, to enjoy the prospect of making his sister "yell."

"I can't bear girls; but, after all, there's more fun in the world than there would be without 'em, for boys don't scare worth a cent," remarked Ned Josselyn.

"I don't suppose they are all such scared-cats as Stella. She aint very well. I suppose that's the reason," said Rob, reflectively.

The two boys selected a large pumpkin, and dug the inside out as nicely as possible. Then they cut out a most hideous face in it—eyes, and nose, and mouth, cutting notches all around the mouth to resemble teeth.

Every boy who reads this knows what they were doing it for, unless there is one so unfortunate as never to have been in the country at harvest time, and so never has made or seen a "Jack-o'-lantern."

They made a hole at the bottom, just large enough for a candle to go in, and Ned Josselyn produced a piece of a spermaceti candle from his pocket. Then it was done; but of course darkness was necessary to show it off to good effect. They hid it carefully away in the barn, and went to their respective suppers, full of delightful anticipations of the fun they were going to have.

"Where have you and Ned Josselyn been all the afternoon?" inquired Stella, suspiciously; for when quiet reigned about the house on Saturday, which was Ned Josselyn's holiday, it was fair to suppose that mischief was going on somewhere.

"O, we've been over in the field," answered Rob, carelessly.

"After woodchucks?" pursued Stella.

"Don't you think there's anything in the world but woodchucks?" demanded Rob, evasively.

And Stella ventured to ask no more.

The night, anxiously waited for by Rob and Ned Josselyn, came at last; but it seemed to Rob that Stella never *would* go to bed. She went at eight o'clock usually, but to-night she had a very entertaining story-book to read, and seemed to be entirely oblivious of time. It was a story with a ghost in it; Rob derived some consolation from that thought. Stella would get very nervous over it—she always did—and the "scare" they had planned for her would be all the more effectual. The clock struck nine, and mamma said:

"Why, Stella, do you know what time it is? You and Rob ought both to be in bed."

And Stella closed her book, and went directly, and Rob pretended to go too; but he only went up stairs, and closed the door of his room so that it could be heard, and then slipped down the back stairs, and out of the back door very softly.

Ned Josselyn was waiting for him, and scolded because he had waited so long. He had the Jack-o'-lantern all lighted, and fastened on to the end of a long pole. Such a frightful grinning face as it looked now the candle inside was lighted!

"She has only just gone up stairs, and we shall have to wait till she puts her light out," said Rob. "I'm awful glad it's a warm night, because she'll have her window wide open, and we can stick it right in! I expect she'll holler enough to make everybody in the house run up there; but we can run, and they'll think she imagined it, because she read a ghost story. She'll tell them it was an awful looking face—she never saw a Jack-o'-lantern, I know."

And the two little rascals chuckled with delight over the fright they were going to give poor little Stella.

They stole softly round under Stella's window, but the light was still burning there.

"It takes girls forever to do anything, and then Stella says prayers forty hours long, I suppose," said Ned, contemptuously.

But at last darkness reigned.

They stuck the frightful pumpkin face, on the end of the long pole, in at Stella's open window.

There was a shriek of terror from poor Stella, and then—Rob could never understand just how it could have happened—a sudden breeze blew the flame of the candle out through the mouth; it caught the lace curtains of the window, and in an instant they were all in a blaze!

Rob screamed louder than Stella then.

He started to give the alarm, but Ned Josselyn held him back.

"They'll find out that it was you, and you'll catch it!" he said. "Run round to the back door, and get up to your room, and pretend that you haven't been out of it at all!"

But Rob, I am happy to say, was not bad enough for that. He had forgotten everything except that his sister's life was in danger. He broke away from Ned Josselyn, and ran into the house screaming "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice.

But the whole household was aroused, and at the door of Stella's room before he reached it. The door was fastened, and though there was a smell of smoke, nobody seemed quite to understand what the matter was.

“Burst open the door! O burst open the door!” cried Rob. **“The room is all on fire!”**

They burst it open, and smoke and flame came pouring out. Rob rushed in through it all, calling Stella's name frantically. She had fallen across the bed and lay there insensible.

Rob's father had followed close behind him, and he lifted the little motionless figure, and rushed back with it, through the suffocating smoke, and the flames that threatened at every instant to fasten upon them. Rob could only follow, wringing his

hands, and beseeching Stella to forgive him, and to speak to him once more.

He thought that she was dead; but they carried her into a neighbor's house, and she soon revived.

But alas! their home—the pretty country house that they all thought so much of—was burned to the ground!

You may be sure that it was a lesson that Rob never forgot! He never played another trick upon Stella, he never deserved to be called mischievous again.

As for Ned Josselyn, he is in the Reform School now.

RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

BY JAMES DABNEY.

MARTIN HOMER was a bright and intelligent lad of fifteen years, and was in many respects a favorite with his companions. He was warm-hearted, and generous, and brave, and determined. But with all these good qualities he possessed a great moral defect. He had a fierce and most ungovernable temper, and when it was aroused he was apt to do and say much that he regretted.

When he was fourteen years old his parents sent him to a boarding-school in New England, about a hundred miles from Boston. Here he got on very well during his first year. When he went back to begin the second session, after the summer vacation was over, he found that the principal had engaged a new assistant. From the first Martin disliked the man. There was nothing particularly objectionable in Mr. Raynor, but Martin Homer at once conceived a great prejudice against him. Mr. Raynor was a mild good-natured man, save when in the performance of his duty; then he was strict, and sometimes even stern. If charged by the principal with the execution of an order, he would have died at his post, before he would have surrendered. The principal frequently wondered that so mild and gentle a man should have so much firmness and decision of character.

Martin Homer, however, could not en-

dure him, and it seemed that Mr. Raynor unintentionally brought out all of the lad's bad qualities. Martin never missed an occasion to play some trick upon him, and his demeanor toward him could barely be called respectful. Mr. Raynor was surprised at this, and was greatly at a loss to account for it. He had treated Martin precisely as he treated the other boys, and, indeed, in consequence of the lad's bad temper, had been even more forbearing with him than he had been with the rest. One day when the boy had tried his patience more than usual he called him to him.

"Martin," he said, kindly, "what have I done to you that you always treat me so disrespectfully?"

"Do I treat you disrespectfully?" asked Martin, rudely.

"You know you do. You know, also, that as your instructor, I am entitled to your respect, and that I have the power to punish you for your conduct. I have not used it because I hoped that you might change your course."

"I think I treat you with all the respect to which you are entitled," said Martin, coldly.

Mr. Raynor's face flushed, but he controlled himself.

"You are doing very wrong, Martin

Homer," he said, gravely. "You are not injuring me, but you are doing yourself great injustice. I can afford to take no notice of your manner towards me; but you—"

Martin's face had been growing redder, and his eyes brighter every moment. His passion had been increasing until now it boiled over, and he broke out impetuously:

"You can afford to do so? You—"

"Stop, Martin," exclaimed Mr. Raynor, sternly. "Stop immediately."

"I will not stop," cried the enraged boy. "How dare you, a lowborn schoolmaster, talk to me in that way?"

Without a word Mr. Raynor rose and left him, and in a short time Martin was summoned before the principal, and soundly flogged for his misconduct. He was also told to apologize for his language to Mr. Raynor, and this he refused stubbornly to do. The principal then told him that he would give him a week to decide the matter, and in the meantime would inform his father of it. If at the expiration of the time given he refused to apologize, he would be expelled from the school. Martin also wrote to his father, but in a day or two received a reply in which he was condemned for his conduct, and commanded to apologize to Mr. Raynor. His father added that if he was sent home in disgrace for refusing to do this, a severe punishment would await him there.

Martin had prepared himself for such a reply, and had determined upon his course in case it should come. Without informing any one of his intention, he quietly made up a bundle of his clothes, and left the school. He had just money enough to pay his passage to New Bedford, where he had determined to ship on board of a whaler. He found quite a number of vessels in port ready to sail, and in a week after leaving the school he was out at sea, and on his way to the South Pacific.

When he had gotten fairly out to sea, and had somewhat recovered from the confusion and bewilderment which his new situation brought to him, he had leisure to think; and during the long and tedious voyage which followed, and until it was suddenly brought to a conclusion, he had an abundance of time for reflection. He now saw his conduct in its true light, and saw that he had allowed his temper to lead him into hating a really good and unoffending man, and one who sought to benefit him; that he had brought all his trouble on himself without

any reasonable cause for it. Still, if he had been allowed to go through the matter again he felt that he would not apologize to Mr. Raynor. He was not sufficiently conquered for this. It was yet to come.

He had not been at sea two days before he regretted the step he had taken. He had always been used to the comforts and luxuries of an elegant home, and he was very far from finding them on board of a whaler. Being the ship's boy he was roughly handled by the men, and cuffed and kicked about by the officers. He had no hammock assigned him, but was made to sleep on a chest, in one corner of the men's quarters, where he lay, many a night, shivering with the cold, and bitterly repenting his folly. The captain was a cold exacting man, and the chief mate coarse and brutal. The latter soon conceived the idea that Martin was lazy, and from that time seemed to take especial delight in calling upon him to do whatever he required, and rarely failed to expedite the lad's movements with a sharp cut from a rope's end.

Martin now found that he could not indulge his temper here. He must learn to control it, for the captain was not a man to brook opposition from a seaman, still less from a boy like him. It was a hard, but a useful lesson, and it would have been well for Martin had he learned it sooner. The captain and mate were stern and severe with him, and at last he learned to prefer controlling himself to enduring the blows which they heaped upon him, if he showed the least sign of anger towards them.

It was a hard life that he led on board the whaler, and the voyage was unusually severe and trying. More than once as he gazed over the ship's side at the heaving waters below him, he felt tempted to plunge into them, and end his misery. He felt now that he would give anything to be back at school once more—yes, he would even apologize to Mr. Raynor. If he could only reach home once more, he would strive hard to curb his temper, and do right. He had a slight hope that he would see home again, for he had resolved to desert the ship at the first port they entered, and try to make his way back to the United States.

As they approached the South American coast the weather became worse, and finally settled into a fearful hurricane. For three days it prevailed with greater force than any of the crew had ever experienced before,

and on the morning of the fourth day the ship went down amid the seething waters, leaving only a few of the crew clinging to some floating timbers. Among these was Martin Homer. He had managed to clutch a spar as the vessel went down, and thus escaped for the time. How long he would survive in this condition he could not tell. He felt that he had but little prospect of ever seeing land again; that there was every chance of his finding a grave in the Pacific. He clung with the energy of despair to his spar, for three days, and at last, when almost too exhausted by fatigue, cold and hunger to cling to it longer, he was picked up by a barque bound from Valparaiso to Boston.

During the time that he was clinging to the spar, he made a solemn vow that if he were saved he would do better in the future; he would try to atone for his conduct in the

past, and would do anything his parents might require of him. In due time the vessel reached Boston, and Martin, humbled and made better by his severe but wholesome experience, sought his home, where he was welcomed as one come back from the grave. He told his story fully and frankly, and declared his willingness to submit to any punishment which might be awarded him. His father, however, thought him sufficiently punished, and simply asked him to do better in the future.

He was received back at the school upon apologizing to Mr. Raynor, which he did cheerfully, and from that time became not only one of the best boys in the school, but Mr. Raynor's especial favorite. As years passed on he grew up to a good and useful manhood. Running away to sea made a man of him.